THE

BEAUTIES of THOUGHT,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS;

CONSISTING OF

A Variety of Matter, calculated for the Improvement of the Minds of Readers of every Claſs.

'Tis Vice, alone diſturbs the human breaſt,
Care dies with guilt——be virtuous, and be bleſt.

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THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

MORAL AND DIVINE,

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ACTION.

AMONG the many valuable rules, which even Heathen Philoſophers have given for the conduct of men's lives, this is one not unworthy of our notice, that we ſhould imagine ſome excellent perſon to be preſent with us, as a witneſs and ſpectator of all our Actions. Wiſely ſuppoſing, that the eye and obſervance of a ſuperior in goodneſs, would check the wanton ſallies of unruly Paſſion, intemperance, or vice.

And if the bare fiction of the preſence of a mortal, like ourſelves, if the inſpection of a finite creature only, may rationally be thought to have ſo ſtrong an influence on the Actions of mankind; of how much greater force upon our moſt ſecret thoughts and Actions muſt be a firm belief of the omnipre-

ſence of Almighty God, who is about our path, and about our bed, and ſpieth all our ways; unto whom all hearts are open, all deſires known, and from whom no ſecrets are hid?

Am I a God at hand, ſaith the Almighty (by his prophet Jeremiah) or a God afar off, can any hide himſelf in ſecret places that I ſhall not ſee him? Do not I fill heaven and earth, ſaith the Lord?

In all your Actions think God ſees *you*, and in all his Actions labour to ſee *him*; that will make you fear him, this will move you to love him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and knowledge of God is perfection of love.

AFFLICTION.

WE ought to make a good improvement of paſt and preſent Afflictions. If they are not ſanctified to us they become a double croſs; but if they work rightly in us, and convince us of our failings, and how juſtly we are afflicted, they do us much good. Affliction is ſpiritual phyſic for the ſoul, and is compared to a *furnace*, for as gold is tried and purified therein, ſo men are proved and either purified from their droſs, and fitted for good *uſes*, or elſe entirely *burnt up* and *undone* for ever. Therefore may all, who labour under any kind of Affliction, have reaſon to ſay with Job, "When he hath tried me, I ſhall come forth as "gold."

Let

Let a man live (ſays Mr. *Steele)* but two or three years without Affliction, and he is almoſt good for nothing; he cannot pray, nor meditate, nor keep his heart fixed upon ſpiritual things; but let God ſmite him in his child, health, or eſtate; now he can find his tongue and affections again; now he awakes and falls to his duty in earneſt; now God has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, ſaith God, this amendment pleaſeth me; this rod was well beſtowed; I have diſappointed him to his great benefit and advantage. And thus God chides himſelf friends with his people again.

Steele.

Wherefore is a ſhip miſcarried, a voyage loſt, a relation dead, a friend carried into captivity, whoſe return was expected with ſo much comfort? Why, if it be ſo, it is the Lord hath done it, and let us be ſilent before him. Our repining will not make it better; ſin is no proper cure for affliction. Therefore as a quiet ſubmiſſive ſpirit is pleaſing to God, and profitable for us, let us, as often as Afflictions come, ſay with Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do "what ſeemeth him good."

If ye endure chaſtening, God dealeth with you as with ſons. Humble yourſelves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; and let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, but reſolve, with the prophet Habakkuk, "Although the fig-tree ſhall not bloſſom,

" neither ſhall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the " Olive ſhall fail, and the fields ſhall yield no meat, " the flocks ſhall be cut off from the fold, and " there ſhall be no herd in the ſtalls: Yet I will " rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my " ſalvation."

There is no duty in religion more generally agreed on, or more juſtly required by God Almighty, than a perfect ſubmiſſion to his will in all things: Nor is their any diſpoſition of mind that can either pleaſe him more or become us better, than that of being ſatisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away; none, I am ſure, can be of more honour to God, nor more eaſe to ourſelves; for if we conſider him as our maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our father, we ought not to diſtruſt him; ſo that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for our good; and whatever happens that we may interpret otherwiſe, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor ſave any thing by reſiſting. All the precepts of chriſtianity agree to teach and command us to moderate our paſſions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the poſſeſſion, and patient under the loſs, whenever he that gives it ſhall think fit to take it away; for ſubmiſſion is the only way of reaſoning between a creature and his creator, and contentment in his will the greateſt duty we can pretend to, and the beſt remedy we can apply to, in all our misfortunes;

misfortunes; we bring into the world a poor needy, uncertain life, ſhort at the beſt; all the imaginations of the wiſe have been buſied to find out the ways how to revive it with pleaſure, or relieve it with counſel; how to compoſe it with eaſe, and ſettle it with ſafety; to ſome of theſe ends have been employed the inſtructions of Law-givers, the reaſonings of Philoſophers, the inventions of Poets, the pains of the labouring, and the extrvagances of the voluptuous; all the world is at work perpetually about nothing elſe, but only that our poor mortal lives ſhould paſs the eaſier and the happier that little time we poſſeſs them; or elſe end the better when we loſe them; upon this occaſion riches came to be coveted, honour to be eſteemed, friendſhip and love to be purſued, and virtues themſelves to be admired in the world.

It is the part of a wiſe and well educated man, not to be tranſported beyond himſelf with any proſperous event; ſo, when the ſcene of fortune changeth, to obſerve ſtill the comelineſs and decency of his morals; for it is the buſineſs of a man, either to prevent an evil that threatens him, or, when it is come, to qualify and alleviate its malignity; or put on a maſculine brave ſpirit, and ſo reſolve to endure it; for there are four ways that prudence concerns herſelf about any thing that is good; ſhe is either induſtrious to acquire, or careful to preſerve; ſhe either augments or uſeth it well: Theſe are the

meaſures

meaſures of prudence, and conſequently thoſe of all other virtues, by which we ought to ſquare ourſelves in either fortune.

For no man lives, who always happy is.

And the Author of Night Thoughts *obſerves.*

Not *prudence* can defend, or virtue ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt Temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling cruſhes him to death.
Not *happineſs* itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, felicity?
The *ſmootheſt* courſe of nature has it's pains;
And *trueſt* friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail than cauſe to ſigh.

ALMS.

IN beſtowing your Alms enquire not ſo much into the perſon as his neceſſity; God looks not ſo much upon the merit of him that requires, as into the manner of him that relieves; if the man deſerves not, you have given to humanity.

Be not too cautious in diſcerning the fit objects of your charity, leſt a ſoul periſh through your imaginary diſcretion; what you give to miſtaken want

want ſhall return a bleſſing to your deceived heart. It is better in relieving *idleneſs* to commit an *accidental evil*, than in neglecting *miſery* to *omit an eſſential good*.

He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; there is more rhetoric (ſays Sir *Thomas Brown*) in that one ſentence than in a library of ſermons; and indeed if this one ſentence was underſtood by the reader with the ſame emphaſis as it was delivered by the author, we needed not thoſe volumes of inſtructions but might be honeſt by an epitome.

Religio Medici.

ANGER (*Vide* REVENGE.)

ANGER is an uneaſineſs or diſcompoſure of the mind, upon the receipt of an injury, with a preſent purpoſe of revenge. *Locke.*

Anger may repaſt with you for an hour, but not repoſe with you for a night. The continuance of Anger, is hatred; the continuance of hatred becomes malice; that Anger is not warrantable that has ſuffered the ſun to ſet on it.

Natural Anger *glances* in the breaſts of wiſe men; but *reſts* in the boſom of fools. In them it is infirmity, in theſe a ſin. There is a natural Anger, and a ſpiritual Anger: the common object of the firſt, is the *perſon*, of the latter, *vice*. Be angry and ſin not; he that is always angry with his ſin, ſhall ſeldom ſin in his anger.

Anger comes ſometimes upon us, but we go oftener to it, and, inſtead of rejecting it, we invite it: Yet it is a vice that carries with it neither pleaſure nor profit, neither honour nor ſecurity.

ATHEISM *(Vide* LIBERTINES.)

WE are capable of knowing *certainly* that there is a GOD. But though this be the moſt obvious truth that reaſon diſcovers, and though it's evidence be equal to mathematical certainty, yet it requires thought and attention, and the mind muſt apply itſelf to a regular deduction of it, or elſe we ſhall be as uncertain and ignorant of this; as of other propoſitions, which are in themſelves capable of clear demonſtration. To ſhew therefore that we are capable of being certain that there is a God, the *reſolution thereof is briefly this.*

1. All Beings have a beginning of exiſtence, or they have none.

2. Nothing can come out of nothing, or begin to exiſt by it's own power, when it had no exiſtence.

3. All theſe things therefore. which had a beginning, muſt be produced primarily by ſome Being which had no beginning.

4. Human kind had a beginning,

5. Human kind was therefore produced mediately or immediately by ſome eternal cauſe.

6. That

6. That cauſe we call God. Therefore God does exiſt by whom human kind were created.

"The inviſible things of God are clearly ſeen "from the creation of the world, being underſtood "by the things that are made, even his eternal "power and godhead." And Dr. *Derham*, in his *Phiſico-Theology*, vol. 2. page 283, obſerves;

The works of God are ſo viſible to all the world, and withal ſuch manifeſt indications of the being and attributes of the infinite Creator, that they plainly argue the vileneſs and perverſeneſs of the Atheiſt, and leave him inexcuſable. For it is a ſign a man is a wilful perverſe Atheiſt, that will impute ſo glorious a work as the Creation is, to any thing, yea a meer nothing (as chance is) rather than to God. It is a ſign the man is wilfully blind, that he is under the power of the Devil, under the government of prejudice, luſt, and paſſion, not right reaſon, that will not diſcern what *every one can ſee, what every man may behold afar off*, even the exiſtence and attributes of the Creator from his works. For as, "there is no ſpeech or language where their "voice is not heard, their line is gone out through "all the earth, and their words to the end of the "world;" So all, even the barbarous nations, that never heard of God, have from theſe his works inferred the exiſtence of a Deity, and paid their homages to ſome Deity, although they have been

under ſome miſtakes in their notions and concluſions about him. But however, this ſhews how naturally and univerſally all mankind agree, in deducing their belief of God from the contemplation of his works, or as even *Epicurus* himſelf in *Tully* ſaith, from a notion that nature hath imprinted upon the minds of men. For, ſaith he, "What nation is "there, or what kind of men, that without any "teaching or inſtructions, have not a kind of anti-"cipation or preconceived notion of a Deity?"

An Atheiſt therefore (if ever there were ſuch) may juſtly be deemed a monſter among rational beings; a thing hard to be met with in the whole tribe of mankind; an oppoſer of all the world; a rebel againſt human nature and reaſon, as well as againſt his God.

But above all, monſtrous is this, or would be, in ſuch as have heard of God, who have had the benefit of the clear Goſpel-revelation. And ſtill more monſtrous this would be, in one born and baptized in the chriſtian church, that had ſtudied nature, and pried farther than others into God's works. For ſuch a one (if it be poſſible for ſuch to be) to deny the exiſtence, or any of the attributes of God, would be a great argument of the infinite inconvenience of thoſe ſins of intemperance, luſt, and riot, that have made the man abandon his reaſon, his ſenſes, yea, I had almoſt ſaid his human nature, to engage him thus to deny the being of God.

So

So also it is much the same monstrous infidelity, at least betrays the same Atheistical mind to deny God's providence, care, and government of the world, or (which is a spawn of the same epicurean principles) to deny *final causes* in God's works of creation; or with the prophane, in Psalm lxxiii. 11. to say, "How doth God know? And is there "knowledge in the most high?" For, as the witty and eloquent *Salvian* saith, "They that affirm no-"thing is seen by God, will in all probability, take "away the substance, as well as the sight of God." But what so great madness, saith he, as that when a man doth not deny God to be the creator of all things, he should deny him to be the governor of them? or when he confesseth him to be the maker, he should say, God neglecteth, what he hath so made.

Derham's Physico-Theology.

Let not any profligate person, who hath bidden defiance to his conscience, and is at war with himself, think to take sanctuary in *Atheism*, and because it imports him highly there should be no God, stoutly deny that there is any; for first, supposing that the existence of a Deity was not demonstrable or infallibly proved (as it most certainly is) yet he cannot be sure of the contrary, that there is none.

For no man can be sure of a pure negative, namely, that such a thing is not, unless he will either pretend to have a certain knowledge of all things that are or may be; than which nothing can

be more monſtrouſly or ridiculouſly arrogant; unleſs he be ſure that the being of what he denies doth imply a contradiction, for which there is not the leaſt colour in this place; the true notion of God, conſiſting in this, that he is a Being of all poſſible perfection.

Now if he be not ſure there is no Deity, he cannot be without ſome ſuſpicion and fear that there may be one.

Secondly, if there ſhould be a Deity as holy, and juſt, and powerful, as is ſuppoſed, what vengeance and indignation may ſuch vile miſcreants and rebels expect, who have made it their buſineſs to baniſh Him out of the world, who is the great creator and governor of it? To undermine his Being, and eradicate all notions of him, out of their own and other men's minds; to provoke his creatures and vaſſals to a contempt of him, and a ſlighting of his fear and worſhip, as being ſuch imiginary chimeras as are fit only to keep fools in awe? Certainly, as this is the higheſt provocation that any man can be guilty of, ſo ſhall it be puniſhed with the ſevereſt vengeance.

Now the denial of the exiſtence of a Being, which is of ſuch ſad conſequence, muſt needs diſturb the *Atheiſt*'s thoughts, and fill him with fears; and qualify and allay all his pleaſures and enjoyments, even in this life.

But,

But, on the other ſide, he that believes and owns a God, if there ſhould be none, is in no danger of any bad conſequence; for all the inconveniency of this belief, will be, that he may be hereby occaſioned to tie himſelf up to ſome needleſs reſtraints during this ſhort time of his life; wherein, notwithſtanding, there is, as to the preſent, much peace, quiet, and ſafety; and, as to the future, his error ſhall die with him, there being none to call him to account for his miſtake.—*Thus far Biſhop Wilkins, in his diſcourſe upon Natural Religion.*

But theſe arguments, though inconteſtible in themſelves, vaniſh like clouds before the ſun in it's meridian ſplendor, when compared with that clear demonſtration of God's exiſtence hinted at in the beginning of this head.

BEAUTY.

THERE is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human nature, as the contemplation of Wiſdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar portion of that ſex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both theſe excellencies in the ſame perſon, is a character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial ornaments; nay,

nay, ſo little does it conſult its own intereſt, that it too often defeats itſelf, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and deſireable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, ſo Beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two perfections glorioufly united in one perſon, I cannot help repreſenting to my mind the image of *Emilia*.

Whoever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his breaſt at once the glow of love, and the tenderneſs of virtuous friendſhip? The unſtudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleaſing accents of her tongue, inſenſibly drew you on to wiſh for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her ſmiles carry in them a ſilent reproof to the impulſes of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her Beauty play almoſt irreſtible upon you, and create deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected, not by the ſeverity, but the decency of her virtue. That ſweetneſs and good humour, which is viſible in her face, naturally diffuſes itſelf into every word and action: A man muſt be a ſavage, who, at the ſight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her good, than gratify himſelf. Her perſon, as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelifhed by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind ſo fair and lovely; there dwells rational piety, modeſt hope, and chearful reſignation.

It

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that ſex, which was created to refine the joys, and ſoften the cares of humanity, by the moſt agreeable participation, to conſider them merely as objects of ſight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of Beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our eſteem and love, while it draws our obſervations? How faint and ſpiritleſs are the charms of a coquet, when compared with the real lovelineſs of *Emilia*'s innocence, piety, good humour, and truth; virtues which add a new ſoftneſs to her ſex, and even beautify her Beauty! That agreeableneſs which muſt have otherwiſe appeared no longer in the modeſt virgin, is now preſerved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully ſpread upon canvaſs, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart, and ſhe who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her perſon any excelling qualities, may be allowed ſtill to amuſe as a picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* deſcribing *Eve* in Paradiſe, and relating to the angel the impreſſion he felt upon ſeeing her at her firſt creation; he does not repreſent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her ſhape, or features, but by the luſtre of her mind, which ſhone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her geſtures dignity and love.

Without this irradiating power, the proudeſt fair one ought to know, whatever her glaſs may tell her to the contrary, that her moſt perfect features are uninform'd and dead.

This ſubject cannot be better cloſed, than by a ſhort epitaph, written by *Ben Johnſon*, with a ſpirit that nothing could inſpire, but ſuch an object as we have been deſcribing:

Underneath this ſtone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

BENEVOLENCE.

AS Benevolence is the moſt ſociable of all virtues, ſo is it of the largeſt extent; for there is not any man, either ſo great or ſo little, but he is yet capable of giving or receiving benefits.

Let us always uſe God's bleſſings, as bounties, with moderation and temperance, and remember the poor; for God has given to ſome too little for their convenience, and to others more than they need, that neither ſide may want an occaſion for exerciſing that virtue. He beſtows upon us ſuffi-

cient

cient for the relief of our brethren, that we may obtain his mercy. And on the other hand, the poor when they are refreſhed by our liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our hearts, and recommend us to him in their prayers.

It is the duty of every individual, to be a friend to mankind, as it is his intereſt, that men ſhould be friendly to him.

The greateſt Benefits of all, have no witneſs, but lie concealed in the conſcience.

A kind benefactor makes a man happy as *ſoon* as he can, and as *much* as he can. There ſhould be no delay in a Benefit, but the modeſty of the receiver. If we cannot foreſee the requeſt, let us however immediately grant it; it is ſo grievous a thing to ſay, *I beg*, the very word puts a man out of countenance, and it is a double kindneſs to do the thing, and ſave an honeſt man the confuſion of a bluſh.

Let no one be weary of rendering good offices; for by obliging others, we are really kind to ourſelves.

No man ever was a loſer by good works; for though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet, in proceſs of time, ſome happy emergency or other occurs to convince him, that virtuous men are the darlings of Providence.

The Benevolence of a good man always terminates his projects in the relief of diſtreſs, the de-

tection of fraud, the defeat of oppreſſion, and the diffuſion of happineſs.

BOOKS.

IF a man was to conſider for what end life is given him *quidnam victuri gignimur*, he would readily enquire after the Books that could direct him beſt. But in this he is apt to meet with very different advices. If he be already *ſworn to a party*, he muſt be directed by his *Maſters*; and if he is only to follow the ſtarts of his own fancy, he can hardly have a worſe guide. If again he is to aſk counſel of every party he muſt be much divided about what he ſhould chuſe. Here is, however, one fixed point, as to Books of religion; all parties of chriſtendom acknowledge one Book, which is called *the Bible*, as the ſtandard of all belief and practice: and tho' it is called but one Book, yet it is a collection of many, and contains a variety of ſubjects which need not be enumerated. Wherefore for thoſe who acknowledge the ſcriptures both to be authentic and divine, and who may want to know the beſt rules of living, in order to be happy in the next world, and even in this, ſuch perſons will find in that neglected collection of writings, what will be *uſeful* for *both* theſe ends, and an agreeableneſs of ſtyle very diſtinguiſhing.

tinguiſhing. When happily a perſon entertains ſuch a value for the Bible, he will of conſequence make it a good part of his ſtudy; and will approve of other Books on religion, as they ſhall appear to agree to that ſtandard. Let him dip into commentaries and ſermons, and wherever he thinks his weak faith may be beſt aſſiſted, though he may chance to diſreliſh ſome of thoſe religious Books, he ſhould not reject them totally: for that which he may ſuppoſe to be the effect of his delicate taſte, may be in reallity but the weakneſs of his appetite.

The Reverend Mr. *Hervey*, thus points out the beauty and elegance of the ſcriptures.

Methinks I diſcern a conformity between the *Book* of *nature*, and the *Book* of *ſcripture*.

In the Book of nature, the Divine TEACHER ſpeaks, not barely to our ears, but to all our ſenſes. And it is very remarkable, how he varies his addreſs! —obſerve his grand and auguſt works. In theſe he uſes the ſtyle of Majeſty. We may call it, the true *ſublime*. It ſtrikes with awe, and tranſports the mind.—View his ordinary operations. Here he deſcends to a plainer dialect. This may be termed, the *familiar* ſtyle. We comprehend it with eaſe, and attend to it with pleaſure.—In the more ornamented parts of the creation, he cloaths his meaning with elegance. All is rich and brilliant. We are delighted; we are charmed. And what is this, but the *florid* ſtyle?

A variety ſomewhat ſimilar, runs through the ſcriptures.—Would you ſee *hiſtory*, in all her *ſimplicity*, and all her *force*; moſt beautifully eaſy, yet irreſiſtibly ſtriking?—Se her, or rather *feel* her energy, touching the niceſt movement of the ſoul, and triumphing o'er our paſſions, in the inimitable narrative of *Joſeph*'s life.—The repreſentation of *Eſau*'s bitter Diſtreſs †; the converſation pieces of *Jonathan*, and his gallant friend ‡; the memorable journey of the diſciples going to *Emaus* § are finiſhed models of the *impaſſioned* and *affecting*.—Here is nothing ſtudied; no flights of fancy; no embeliſhments of oratory. Yet, how inferior is the epiſode of *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, tho' worked up by the moſt maſterly hand in the world, to the undiſſembled artleſs fervency of theſe ſcriptural ſketches;

Are we pleaſed with the elevation and dignity of an *heroic poem*; or the tenderneſs and perplexity of a *dramatic* performance? In the Book of *Job*, they are both united, and both unequalled.—Conformably to the exacteſt rules of art, as the action advances, the incidents are more and more alarming, and the images more magnificent. the language glows, and the pathos ſwells; till at laſt, the DEITY himſelf makes his entrance. He ſpeaks from the wirlwind, and ſummons' the creation: ſummons' heaven and all its ſhining hoſts; the elements, and

† Gen. xxvii. 30. *&c.* ‡ 1 Sam. xviii. 19. 20.
§ Luke xxiv. 13, *&c.*

and their moſt wonderful productions; to vouch for the wiſdom of his providential diſpenſation. His words ſtrike terror, flaſhes conviction; decides the momentous controverſy, and cloſes the auguſt drama, with all poſſible ſolemnity and grandeur.

If we ſometimes chuſe a *plaintive* ſtrain; ſuch as ſoften the mind, and ſooths an agreeable melancholy: are any of the ancient tragedies ſuperior, in the eloquence of mourning, to *David*'s pathetic elegy on his beloved *Jonathan* †; to his paſſionate and inconſolable moan ‡ over the lovely but unhappy *Abſalom*; or that melodious woe, which warbles and bleeds, in every line of *Jeremiah*'s lamentation?

Would we be entertained with the daring ſublimity of *Homer*, or the correct majeſty of *Virgil?* with the expreſſive delicacy of *Horace*, or the rapid excurſions of *Pindar?* behold them joined, behold them excelled, in the odes of *Moſes*, and the euchariſtic hymn of *Deborah*; in the exalted devotion of the Pſalms, and the glorious enthuſiaſm of the Prophets.

Only with this difference, that the former are *tuneful* triflers ‖, and amuſe the fancy with empty fiction: the latter are teachers ſent from GOD, and make the ſoul *wiſe unto ſalvation.*—The Bible, is not only the brighteſt ornament, but the moſt invaluable depoſitum. On a right, a practical knowledge of theſe *lively oracles*, depends the preſent comfort, and

† 2 Sam. i. 19, &c. ‡ 2 Sam. xviii, 33. ‖ *Laudit amabiliter.*

and the endleſs felicity of mankind. Whatever, therefore, in ſtudy or converſation, has no connection with their divine contents; may be reckoned among the *toys* of literature, or the *cyphers* of diſcourſe.

Here again the Book of ſcripture, is ſomewhat like the magazine of nature. What can we deſire, for our *accomodation* and *delight*, which this ſtore-houſe of conveniences does not afford? what can we wiſh for our *edification* and *improvement*, which that fund of knowledge does not ſupply? of theſe we may truly affirm, each, in its reſpective kind, *is profitable unto all things*.

Are we admirers of *Antiquity?*—Here, we are led back, beyond the univerſal deluge, and far beyond the date of any other annals. We are introduced among the earlieſt inhabitants of the earth. We take a view of mankind, in their undiſguiſed primitive plainneſs; when the days of their life were but little ſhort of a *thouſand years*. We are brought acquainted with the original of nations; with the creation of the world; and with the birth of time itſelf.

Are we delighted with *vaſt* atchievements. Where is any thing comparable to the miracles in *Egypt*, and the wonders in the field of *Zoan?* to the memoirs of the *Iſraelites*, paſſing through the depths of the ſea; ſojourning amongſt the inhoſpitable deſerts; and conquering the kingdoms of *Cannaan?*

Where

Where ſhall we meet with inſtances of martial bravery, equal to the prodigious exploits of the *Judges*; or the adventrous deeds of *Jeſſe*'s valiant ſon, and his matchleſs band of *worthies* ‡?—Here, we behold the fundamental laws of the univerſe, ſometimes ſuſpended, ſometimes reverſed: and not only the current of *Jordan*, but the courſe of nature controuled. In ſhort, when we enter the field of ſcripture, we tread---on *enchanted* ſhall I ſay? rather---on *conſecrated* ground, where aſtoniſhment and awe are awakened, at every turn. Where is all, more than all, the *marvelous* of romance §; connected with all the preciſion and ſanctity of truth.

If we want *maxims* of *wiſdom*, or have a taſte for the *laconic ſtyle*; how copiouſly may our wants be ſupplied, and how delicately our taſte gratified! eſpecially, in the Book of *Proverbs*, *Eccleſiaſtes*, and ſome of the *minor* prophets---Here are the moſt ſage leſſons of inſtruction; adapted to every circumſtance of life; formed upon the experience of all preceding ages; and perfected by the unerring SPIRIT of inſpiration.---Theſe delivered, with ſuch remarkable conciſeneſs; that one might ſay, every word is a ſentence †. At leaſt every ſentence may be

‡ See 2 Sam. xxiii. 8, &c. 1 Chron. xi. 10, &c.

——— *Heronm Febula veris*
Vincitur Hiſtoriis.

† What *Cicero* ſaid of *Thucidides*, is more eminently true, concerning our royal moraliſt, and his rich collection of ethics; concerning our evangelical

be called an *apothegm*: ſparkling with brightneſs of thought, or weighty with the ſolidity of ſenſe. The whole, like a profuſion of pearls----*each* containing, in a very ſmall compaſs, a value almoſt immenſe----*all* heaped up (as an ingenious critic ſpeaks) with a confuſed magnificence, above the little niceties of order.

If we look for the *ſtrength* of *reaſoning*, and the *warmth* of *exhortation*; the *inſinuating arts* of genteel addreſs, or the *manly boldneſs* of impartial reproof: all the thunder of the orator, without any of his oſtentation; all the politeneſs of the courtier, without any of his flattery: let us have recourſe to the Acts of the Apoſtles, and to the Epiſtles of St. *Paul*. Theſe are a *ſpecimen*, or rather theſe are the *ſtandard*, of them all.

I do not wonder, therefore, that a taſte, ſo refined, and a judgment ſo correct as Milton's, ſhould diſcern higher attractives in the volume of inſpiration, than in the moſt celebrated authors of Greece and Rome.

——Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the muſes haunt
Clear ſpring or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong: but Chief

Thee

gelical hiſtorians, and their copious variety of facts. *Eum adeo eſſe rebus plenum refertum que ut probe verborum numerum numero rerum æquet.*

Thee Sion, *and the flow'ry banks beneath,*
That waſh thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit. *

* That is, "He ſtill was pleaſed to ſtudy the beauties of the ancient "poets: but his higheſt delight was in the ſongs of Sion, in the holy "ſcriptures, and in theſe he meditated day and night."

See Dr. Newton's *Edit.*

CHARITY.

CHARITY is taken ſometimes only for giving of alms, ſometimes for having a favourable opinion of others: but the proper interpretation of the word is Love, and St. Paul has fixed the meaning of it, and clearly ſhewn its effects. 1 Cor. xiii. of which chapter the following is a beautiful paraphraſe.

Did ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels ſung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth:
Did SHADRACH's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which ISRAEL ſaw,
When MOSES gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt;
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded pray'r;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:

A cymbal's ſound were better than my voice:
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.
CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provk'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives:
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature ev'n;
And opens in each heart a little HEAV'N.
Each other gift, which GOD on man beſtows,
Its proper bounds, and due reflection knows;
To one fix'd purpoſe dedicates its pow'r:
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting CHARITY's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As thro' the artiſts's interveneing glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs,
A little we diſcover: but allow,
That more remains unſeen than art can ſhew.
So whilſt our minds to knowledge wou'd improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reaſon
By FAITH directed and confirm'd by HOPE,
Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
HEAVEN's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant FAITH and holy HOPE ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:

Whilſt

Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive,———
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Nothing (ſays *Fenelon*, Archbiſhop of *Cambray*,) contributes more to make men polite and civilized, than true and genuine Charity: and nothing cures them ſooner and more generally of all ſuch faults as are prejudicial to human ſociety, and incompitable with the ſweet intercourſe and correſpondence among men. Before Charity has inſpired the mind with moderation, and ruled the affections of the heart, all in us obeys and yields to the dictates of pride and ſelf-love; but in a different manner according to the difference of tempers and characters. In ſuch as are better bred, and have a greater knowledge of the world, pride and ſelf-love ſeldom dare to make their appearance in their natural form, but they are not a whit the leſs real for that: they are, after all, the true motives of what we do, and even of the care we take to hide them. In other men, who are leſs diſguiſed, and in whom nature borrows leſs from art, and ſhews itſelf in greater plainneſs and ſimplicity, pride and ſelf-love do then appear in a much more ſhocking manner; they are always found ready to judge raſhly, and to decide poſitively on every thing, without the leaſt diſcre-

tion or prudence. They have but very ſmall regard for others, and indiſcriminately make uſe of all expreſſions that come to hand. They command imperiouſly, and obey unwillingly. Whatever appears true to them, they utter it as a certainty; and whatever oppoſes it, is looked on by them as unjuſt and unreaſonable. Oppoſition has ſeldom any other effect with them, than to give them the ſpleen; and it ſeldom has happened that they yield to advice or argument, unleſs they are accompanied with all the ways that can poſſibly render leſs odious to them the idea given of the wrong they may be in.

Charity no ſooner begins to take root in the heart, but it makes all thoſe weakneſſes vaniſh at once. It ſoftens what is hard and rough; it cures that preſumption and haughtineſs that pretends to decide and judge of every thing; it inſtructs us how to doubt, and how to reflect; to be teachable and not to rely too much on our own wiſdom and underſtanding. It deſtroys all manner of poſitiveneſs, and moderates the very tone of our voice; and in ſuch perſons, as are already polite and endowed with the qualities that render people lovely to the reſt of mankind, it gives this charming outſide a motive and an inward principle far different from ſelf-love.

Fenelon.

CHASTITY.

CHASTITY.

CHASTITY conſiſts in a fix'd abhorrence of all forbidden ſenſual indulgences, a recollection of paſt impurities with ſhame and ſorrow; a reſolute guard over our thoughts, paſſions, and actions for the future; a ſteady abſtinence from the diſtant approaches of luſt and indecency; and a lively conſciouſneſs of the omnipreſence of the Almighty, who *is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.*

Know ye not (ſays the great Apoſtle) *that your bodies are the members of Chriſt*, ſhall I then take *the members of Chriſt and make them the members of a harlot?*

Shall I who am conſcious that he who laid down an immaculate body, to cleanſe me from the filth and ſtain of a polluted one, and know that the Holy Jeſus has promiſed to be preſent to all the conflicts of my ſoul, baniſh him thence, and be guilty of ſo unnatural a coition as to throw that temple into the embraces of a mercenary ſtrumpet?

> But muſt we then deſert love and the fair,
> The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,
> To make the nauſeous draught of life go down,

No, God forbid! the Apoſtle allows us a virtuous enjoyment of our paſſions; but indeed extirpates all our *falſe* ideas of pleaſure and happineſs in them; he takes love out of it's diſguiſe, and puts it on it's

it's own gay and becoming dreſs of innocence; and indeed it is, among other reaſons, for want of wit and invention in our modern gallants, that the beautiful ſex is abſurdly and vitiouſly entertained by them: For there is in their tender frame, native ſimplicity, groundleſs fear, and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be built expoſtulations to divert a good and intelligent young female, as well as the fulſome raptures, guilty impreſſions, ſenſeleſs deifications, and pretended deaths that are every day offered her.

And thus the Libertine who builds a name
On the baſe ruins of a woman's fame,
Shall own the beſt of human bleſſings lie
In the chaſte honours of the nuptial tie.
There dwells the homefelt ſweet, the dear delight,
There peace repoſes, and there joys unite.
And female VIRTUE was by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm, to poliſh, and to bleſs mankind.

CHEARFULNESS.

THERE are but two things which can reaſonably deprive us of *Chearfulneſs* of heart; *Vice* and *Atheiſm*: but the man who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of Chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that being on whom he has a dependence.

FAIR as the dawning light! auſpicious gueſt!
Source of all comforts to the human breaſt!
Depriv'd of thee in ſad deſpair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us riſe
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conſpire
To pleaſe each ſenſe and ſatiate each deſire,
'Tis joyleſs all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
Then opens to the ſoul a heav'nly ſcene,
Gladneſs and peace, all ſprightly, all ſerene.
Where doſt though deign, ſay, in what bleſt retreat,
To chooſe thy manſion, and to fix thy ſeat?
Thy ſacred preſence how ſhall we explore?
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden ſtore?
Can vain ambition with her boaſted charms
Tempt thee within her wide—extended arms?
No, with content alone canſt thou abide,
Thy ſiſter, ever ſmiling by thy ſide.
When boon Companions, void of every care,
Crown the full bowl and the rich banquet ſhare,
And give a looſe to pleaſure——art thou there?
Or when the eager ſwains purſue the chace
With active limbs and health in every face,
Is it the voice that wakening up the morn,
Chears the ſtaunch hound and winds the jolly horn?
Or when th' aſſembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the maſk, the play, the dance,
Whilſt beauty ſpreads its ſweeteſt charms around,
And airs exatic ſwell their tuneful ſound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more ſedately ſhine?
Can ſuch tumultuous joys as theſe be thine?
Surely more mild, more conſtant in their courſe,
Thy pleaſures iſſue from a nobler ſource,
From ſweet diſcretion ruling in the breaſt,
From paſſions temper'd, and from luſt repreſt,

From

From thoughts unconſcious of a guilty ſmart,
And the calm tranſports of an honeſt heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate wards from us every blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and ſoftens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal ſtate deſires,
What wiſdom finds, or innocence inſpires;
From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our maker's providence beſtows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays,
A grateful tribute of perpetual praiſe.

T. FITZGERALD.

CHILDREN. (*Vide* PARENTS.)

DISOBEDIENT Children not only offend their Parents, but reſiſt the authority of God, as may be read Epheſ. vi. 1. *Children obey your Parents in the Lord.* There is the command: the rebellion therefore runs higher than they think; for it is not man, but God, that they diſobey, and for their diſobedience God will puniſh them. It may be the tenderneſs of Parents will not ſuffer them; or that Children are grown beyond their correction: In which caſe all they can do, is, to complain to God; and if ſo, he will handle them more ſeverely than their Parents could.

The ſin of diſobedience, in Children ſprung from religious Parents, is a greater ſin, than the ſin of young

young *Heathens* and *Infidels*, and ſo will their account be alſo; better would it have been for them had they been the offspring of ſavage *Indians*, nay, of beaſts, than of ſuch Parents; whoſe counſels diſobeyed, hopes and prayers fruſtrated, will prove ſad aggravations.

It is uſual with God to retaliate men's diſobedience to their Parents in kind: commonly our own Children ſhall pay us home for it. I have read in a grave *Author*, of a wicked wretch that dragged his father along the houſe; the father begged of him not to draw him beyond ſuch a place, for, ſaid he, "I dragged my father no farther." This was a ſad, but juſt retribution of God. Such Children who have, by the care and affection of their Parents, reaped the bleſſing of a good education. Ought to admire God's goodneſs to them in that particular, and to honour ſuch Parents, for the tye is double upon them ſo to do; alſo to exert their utmoſt endeavours to be the joy of their hearts and comfort of their lives, if living: If not, yet ſtill to remember the mercy, and tread their paths; that both may rejoice together hereafter, and bleſs God for each other to all eternity.

COMPASSION.

THE eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, has impreſſed upon us

all one nature, which has an emanation from him, who is univerſal life, preſſes us by natural ſociety to a cloſe union with each other; which is, methinks, a ſort of enlargement of our very ſelves when we run into the ideas, ſenſations and concerns of our brethren: by this force of their make, men are inſenſibly hurried into each other; and, by a ſecret charm, we lament with the unfortunate, and rejoice with the glad; for it is not poſſible for an human heart to be averſe to any thing that is human: but, by the very mein and geſture of the joyful and diſtreſſed, we riſe and fall into their condition; and ſince joy is communicative, 'tis reaſonable that grief ſhould be contagious, both which are ſeen and felt at a look, for one man's eyes are ſpectacles to another to read his heart: thoſe uſeful and honeſt inſtruments do not only diſcover objects to us, but make ourſelves alſo tranſparent; for they, in ſpite of diſſimulation, when the heart is full, will brighten into gladneſs, or guſh into tears: from this foundation in nature is kindled that noble ſpark of cœleſtial fire, we call charity or Compaſſion, which opens our boſoms and extends our arms to embrace all mankind, and by this it is that the amorous man is not more ſuddenly melted with beauty than the compaſſionate with miſery.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,

And

And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain!
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon gloom;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of chearleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbl'd headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe.
Even, in the vale, were wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
With deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear wou'd riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

THOMSON.

And Sir *Richard Steele*, in his *Chriſtian Hero*, has the following remark.

It is in every body's obſervation with what diſadvantage a poor man enters upon the moſt ordinary affairs; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo *poverty* creates diſeſteem, ſcorn, and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent: the neceſſitous man has neither hands, lips, or underſtanding, for his own or his friends uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the ſick, with this difference only, that his, is an infection no man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or if he does, 'tis ſeldom with ſo much pity as contempt, and rather for the oſtentation of the phyſician, than Compaſſion on the patient: It is a circumſtance, wherein a man finds all the good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged: under theſe preſſures the *poor* man ſpeaks with heſitation, undertakes with irreſolution, and acts with diſappointment: he is ſlighted in men's converſation, overlooked in their aſſemblies, and beaten at their doors: But, from whence, alas! has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the ſupply of, but not an exemption from the wants, for which he deſpiſes him: for ſuch is the unaccountable inſolence of man, he will not ſee, that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame claſs of natural neceſſity, with him that wants a ſupport: and, to be helped, implies to be indigent.

COM-

COMPANY.

BE very circumſpect in the choice of your Company; in the ſociety of your equals, you may enjoy pleaſure; in the ſociety of your ſuperiors, you may find profit; but to be the beſt in Company, is to be in the way to grow worſe; the beſt means to improve, is to be the leaſt there. But above all *be the companion of thoſe who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.* *Numa Pompilius* thought the Company of good men, ſo real a pleaſure, he eſteemed it preferable to a Diadem: And when the *Roman* ambaſſadors ſolicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reaſons for declining it, "That the converſation of men who "aſſembled together to worſhip God, and to main-"tain an amicable charity, was his buſineſs and de-"light."

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE (as our divines well expreſs it) is the judgment of a man upon himſelf, as he is ſubject to the judgment of God. A judgment it is, and a practical judgment too; it belongs to the underſtanding faculty. 1 Cor. xi. 31. *if we would judge*

judge ourselves, &c. This self-judgment is the proper office of the Conscience, and to enable it for this its work and office, there are (as is generally observed) three things belonging to every man's Conscience.

First, A knowledge of the rule or law according to which it is to judge, called the *Synteresis*, which is a treasury of rules and principles, without which Conscience can no more do its work, than an *Artificer* that wants his square and level, can do his.

Second, Knowledge of the facts or matters to be judged, called the *Syneidesis*. The Conscience of every man keeps a register of his actions. thoughts, and the very secrets of the heart.

Third, An *ability* and delegated *authority* to pass judgment on ourselves and actions, according to the rule and law of God, called *Crisis*, judgment. Here he sits upon the bench as God's vicegerent, absolving or condemning, as he finds the *sincerity* or *hypocrisy* of the heart, upon trial. 1 John iii. 20. 21.

Conscience therefore is a high and awful power; it is *solo Deo minor*, next and immediately under God, our judge; and, concerning Conscience, he saith to every man, as he once did to Moses, with respect to Pharoah, *See I have made thee a God to Pharoah.* Exod. vii. The voice of Conscience is the voice of God; what it bindeth or looseth on earth, *clave non errante*, is accordingly bound or loosed in heaven, 1 John iii. 21. The greatest deference and

precise

preciſe obedience is due to its command. Its conſolations are, of all, the moſt ſweet; and its condemnations (only excepting thoſe by the mouth of Chriſt in the laſt judgment) moſt terrible.

Zuinglius ſpoke not without ground, when he ſaid, "What death would I not rather chuſe? What "puniſhment would I not rather bear? Yea, into "what a profound abyſs of hell would I not rather "enter, than that my Conſcience ſhould witneſs "againſt me." 'Tis like he, had felt the terrors of it to be more bitter than death. How many have choſe ſtrangling, rather than life, under the terrors of Conſcience? Wherever you go, Conſcience accompanies you; whatever you ſay, do, or think, it regiſters and records in order to the day of account: when all friends forſake you; even when your ſoul forſakes your body, Conſcience will not, cannot forſake you; when your body is weakeſt and dulleſt, your Conſcience is moſt vigorous and active. Never more life in the Conſcience, than when death makes its neareſt approach to the body: when it ſmiles, cheers, acquits, and comforts, O what a heaven doth it create within a man! and, when it frowns, condemns and terrifies, how are all the pleaſures, joys, and delights of this world clouded, and even benighted! 'Tis certainly the beſt of friends, or the worſt of enemies, in the whole creation. This is Conſcience, theſe are its powers and offices.

He that commits a ſin, ſhall quickly find,
The preſſing guilt lie heavy on his mind:
Though bribes, or favour ſhould aſſert his cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs, and elude the laws:
None quits himſelf: his own impartial thought
Will damn; and Conſcience will record the fault.

Juv. Sat. 13. by *Creech.*

There is no true felicity but in a clear and open Conſcience; and thoſe are the happy converſations, where only ſuch things are ſpoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterwards with ſatisfaction, free from any mixture of ſhame or repentance.

Storms in the Conſcience will always lodge clouds in the countenance.

When we are touch'd with ſome important ill,
How vainly ſilence would our grief conceal?
Sorrow nor joy, can be diſguis'd by art,
Our *forcheads* blab the ſecrets of our heart.

Juv. by *Hervey.*

COVETOUSNESS.

COVETOUSNESS is an eager deſire of getting and keeping the goods of this life in a manner that is contrary to the command of God, and inconſiſtent with the welfare of men. It conſiſts in an habitual tendency or luſt of the ſoul, whereby it is carried out and inclined towards the enjoyment of

of worldly riches, as its higheſt end and chiefeſt good.

If avarice be your vice, yet make it not your puniſhment. Miſerable men commiſerate not themſelves, bowelleſs, unto others, and mercileſs unto their own bowels. Let the fruition of things bleſs the poſſeſſion, and think it more ſatisfaction to live richly than die rich. For ſince your good works, not your goods, will follow you; ſince wealth is an appurtenance of life, and no dead man rich; to famiſh in plenty, and live poorly to die rich, were but a multiplying improvement in madneſs, and uſe upon uſe in folly.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, M. D.

Mr. Blair, *in his Poem entitled the* Grave, *thus deſcribes the Miſer.*

Here the lank-ſided Miſer, worſt of felon!
Who meanly ſtole diſcreditable ſhift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe, now lies cheaply lodged
By clamorous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you have made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his God, what has he left behind!
Oh! curſed luſt of gold! when for thy ſake
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds,
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then d——d in that ſo come.

Blair.

Covetouſneſs never judges any thing unlawful.

Hence almoſt every crime: nor do we find
That any paſſion of the human mind,
So oft has plung'd the ſoul, or drench'd the bowl
As *Avarice*——that tyrant of the ſoul.
For he that would be rich, brooks no delay;
But drives o'er all, and takes the ſhorteſt way:
What law, or fear, or ſhame, can e'er reſtrain
The greedy wretch in full purſuit of gain.

Juv. Sat. 14.

DEATH.

THE horror with which ſome men entertain thoughts of Death, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to groundleſs prodigies and predictions; for as it is the chief concern of wiſe men, to retrench the evils of life, by reaſonings of philoſophy; ſo it is the employment of fools, to multiply them, by ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

What ſays *Lucretius* upon this occaſion?

Put the caſe, that a voice from heaven ſhould ſpeak to any of us, after this manner; What does thou ail, *O mortal man*, or to what purpoſe is it to ſpend thy life in groans and complaints, under the apprehenſions of *Death*? Where are thy paſt years and pleaſures? Are they not vaniſhed and loſt in the

the flux of time, as if thou hadſt put water into a ſieve? bethink thyſelf then of retreat, and leave the *world* with the ſame content and ſatisfaction as a well ſatisfied gueſt riſes from an aggreeable feaſt.

Prepare to part with life willingly; ſtudy more how to die than to live; if you would live till you were old, live as if you were to die when you are young.

Though the king of terrors hourly extends his conqueſts over all ſorts and conditions of men, who are all made of the ſame mould, and muſt all crumble into the ſame duſt; though, this day, one friend mournfully follows another to his long home: and, when a few glaſſes more are run, others attend him to the like melancholy manſions of the dead; though we frequently ſee ſome leaving this world in their full ſtrength and vigour, wholly at eaſe and quiet, and though we often ſee thoſe go firſt to the grave that came laſt from the womb; yet notwithſtanding the many and conſtant ſummonſes to think ſeriouſly of this great change: with what unaccountable folly do the generality of mankind, cheat themſelves out of an eternity of bliſs in another world, by their ſupine neglect of a timely preparation for their *laſt hour*; Death creeping upon them under ſuch circumſtances, how importunately do they then apply to heaven in words like thoſe of the diſtreſſed Pſalmiſt? "O ſpare me a little that I

" may recover myſelf before I go hence, and am no " more ſeen." But ſuch late wiſhes are in vain, nothing can keep off the deadly ſtroke.

How terrible is Death to one man, yet to another it appears the greateſt providence in nature; even to all ages and conditions it is the wiſh of *ſome*, relief of *many*, and the end of *all*. It puts us all upon a level; the prince and peaſant are doomed to the ſame fate.

In ſome caſes it requires more courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for Death ſhall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehenſions as with real dangers; but the important point is, to ſecure a well grounded hope of a bleſſed immortality.

All things have their ſeaſons, they begin, they encreaſe, and they die: the heavens and the earth grow old, and are appointed their periods. That which we call Death, is but a pauſe of ſuſpenſion; and in truth a progreſs to life, only our thoughts look downwards upon the body, and not upwards upon things to come. All things under the ſun are mortal; cities, empires; and the time will come, when it ſhall be a queſtion where they were; and perchance, whether they had a being, or no. Some will be deſtroyed by war; others by luxury, fire, inundations, or earthquakes: why then ſhould it trouble me to die, as a forerunner of univerſal diſſolution?

Sir

Sir *Thomas Brown*, (in his Religio Medici) ſpeaking upon this ſubject, thus expreſſes himſelf:

I thank God I have not thoſe ſtrait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to doat on life, or be convulſed and tremble at the name of Death: not that I am inſenſible of the dread and horror thereof, or raking into the bowels of the deceaſed, continual ſight of anatomies, ſkeletons, or cadaverous reliques, like veſpilloes, or grave-makers, I am become ſtupid or have forgot the apprenſion of mortality; but that marſhalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not any thing therein ſufficient to daunt the courage of a man, much leſs a well-reſolved Chriſtian. And therefore am not angry at the error of our firſt parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the beſt of them to die, that is to ceaſe to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one inſtant of a Spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myſelf, without this reaſonable moderator, and equal piece of juſtice, *Death*, I conceive myſelf the moſt miſerable perſon extant; were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world ſhould not intreat a moment's breath from me: could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not ſurvive that very thought; I have ſo abject a conceit of this common way of exiſtence, this retaining to the ſun

and

and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity: in expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my beſt meditations do often deſire Death: I honour any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a ſoldier, and honour thoſe tattered and contemptible regiments that will die under the command of a ſerjeant. For a Pagan there may be ſome motives to be in love with life; but for a Chriſtian to be amazed at Death, I ſee not how he can eſcape this dilemma, that he is too ſenſible of this life, or hopeleſs of the life to come.

Sir *T. Brown.*

When good Muſculus drew near his end, how ſweet and pleaſant was this meditation to his ſoul. Hear his ſwan-like ſong.

Cold Death my heart invades, my life doth fly.
O Chriſt my everlaſting life draw nigh.
Why quivereſt thou my ſoul within my breaſt?
Thine Angel's come to lead thee to thy reſt.
Quit chearfully this dropping houſe of clay;
God will reſtore it, in the appointed day.
Haſt ſinn'd? I know it, let not that be urg'd;
For Chriſt thy ſins with his own blood hath purg'd.
Is Death affrghting? true, but yet with all
Conſider Chriſt thro' Death to life doth call:
He triumphs over Satan, ſin, and Death;
Therefore with joy reſign thy dying breath.

Mr. *Addiſon*, after a long and manly but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, diſmiſſed his phyſicians and

and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a *dying friend*: he came; but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent: after a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me: I believe, and "I hope that you have ſome commands; I ſhall "hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, *See in what peace a Chriſtian can die.* He ſpoke with difficulty and ſoon expired. Through grace divine how great is man! Through divine mercy how ſtingleſs Death! Who would not thus expire? A Death to be diſtinguiſhed with tears of joy.

Our frequent contemplations upon Death may fortify us againſt the neceſſity of it. He that has armed himſelf againſt poverty, may perhaps live in plenty; a man may ſtrengthen himſelf againſt pain, and yet live in a ſtate of health; againſt the loſs of friends, yet never loſe any; but he that fortifies himſelf from the fear of Death, will moſt certainly have occaſion to employ that virtue: It is every wiſe man's care to have a ſtrict eye to his actions; and rather how well he lives, than how long; for it is not the buſineſs, whether we die ſooner or later,

later, but whether we die well or ill; for Death brings us to immortality.

Let us all order our converſation in the world, that we may live, when we are dead, in the affections of the *beſt*; and leave an honourable teſtimony in the conſciences of the *worſt*. Let us oppreſs none; do good to all; that we may ſay when we die, as good *Ambroſe* did, *I am neither aſhamed to live, nor afraid to die.*

DRUNKENNESS.

BEWARE of Drunkenneſs, leſt all good men beware of you; where Drunkenneſs reigns, there reaſon is an exile, virtue a ſtranger, God an enemy, blaſphemy is wit, oaths are rhetoric, and ſecrets are proclamations.

Of all vices, take heed of Drunkenneſs; other vices, are but fruits of diſordered affections, this diſorders, nay baniſhes reaſon; other vices but impair the ſoul, this demoliſhes her two chief faculties, the underſtanding and the will; other vices make their own way, this makes way for all vices; and he that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.

It is an ill thing for a man not to know the guage of his own ſtomach; nor to conſider that men do many things in their drink that they are aſhamed of when

when ſober: Drunkenneſs being nothing but a voluntary madneſs, it emboldens men to undertake all ſorts of miſchief; it both irritates wickedneſs and diſcovers it; it does not only make men vicious, but ſhews them to be ſo; and the end of it is either ſhame or repentance.

It was a uſual ſaying of the great Lord *Verulam*, that not one man of a thouſand died a natural death; and that moſt diſeaſes had their riſe and origin from intemperance: for Drunkenneſs and gluttony, ſteal men off ſilently, and ſingly; whereas ſword and peſtilence do it by the lump; but then death makes a halt and comes to a ceſſation of arms; whereas the other knows no ſtop or intermiſſion, but perpetually jogs on, depopulates inſenſibly, and by degrees: and though this is every day experienced, yet men are ſo enſlaved by cuſtom and a long habit, that no admonition will avail. So true is that ſaying, that *he that goes to the tavern firſt for the love of company, will at laſt go there for the love of liquor.*

Drunkenneſs, ſays an ancient author, is, a diſtemper of the head, a ſubverſion of the ſenſes, a tempeſt of the tongue, a ſtorm in the body, the ſhipwreck of virtue, the loſs of time, a wilful madneſs, a pleaſant devil, a ſugar'd poiſon, a ſweet ſin, which he that has, has not himſelf, and he that commits it, doth not only commit ſin, but he himſelf is altogether ſin.

Chriſtianity could once glory in its profeſſors. *Tertullian* ſaith of the primitive Chriſtians, they ſat not down before they prayed; they *eat* no more than might ſuffice hunger: they *drank* no more than what was ſufficient for temperate men; they did ſo eat and drink, as thoſe that remembered they muſt pray afterwards. But now it may bluſh to behold ſuch beaſtly ſenſualiſts adorning themſelves with its name, and ſheltering themſelves under its wings.

It muſt be granted that there is a lawful uſe of wine and ſtrong drink to *ſupport* nature, not to *clog* it; to *cure* infirmities, not to *cauſe* them. "Drink "no longer water, but uſe a little wine for thy ſto- "mach's ſake, and thine often infirmities." ſaith St. Paul to Timothy, 1 Tim. v. 23. But it is obſervable, he ſays, "drink not water but wine." *Sed modice*, i. e. *medice*; *pro remedio, non pro delicio*, ſaith St. Ambroſe, that is *modeſtly*, viz. Medicinally; not for *pleaſure*, but for remedy.

Drunkenneſs is a *leading* ſin, and has a great retinue of other ſins waiting on it. It is not ſo much a ſpecial ſin againſt a ſingle precept of God, as a general violation of the *whole* law, (ſaith accurate *Ameſius*). It doth not call off the guard, but warms and quickens all other luſts, and ſo expoſes the ſoul to be proſtituted by them. Firſt, it gives occaſion, or rather is the real cauſe of many contentions and *fatal* quarrels. Prov. xxiii. and xxix. "Who hath

"woe?

"woe? Who hath ſorrow? Who hath contentions, "babling, wounds without cauſe? They that tarry "long at the wine, &c." Contentions and wounds are the ordinary effects of *drunken* meetings: when *reaſon* is departed and *luſt* heated, what will not men attempt? Secondly, it is the cauſe of ſcoffings and reproachings of the moſt ſacred characters and inſtitutions. Pſal. lxix. 12. David was the ſong of *drunkards*. Thirdly, it is the great incendary of luſt: we find rioting and Drunkenneſs joined with chambering and wantonneſs, Rom. xiii. 13. *Nunquam ego ebrium caſtum putabo*, ſaith *Hierome*. I will never think a drunkard to be chaſte. It is called the *Devil's bridle*, by one, by which he turneth the ſinner, which way he pleaſes. In fine, he that is overcome by it, can overcome no other ſin.

When a man's diſtempers ſtare him in the face, and he is ſummoned to lay down his duſt, he, alas, then ſees the folly of his ways; and what a miſerable purchaſe he has made, with his miſpent time, health, and money, in Drunkenneſs: but, alas! the deſtruction of himſelf is the leaſt part of the tragedy; the miſchief is ſtruck deeper, and intails hereditary diſeaſes on his innocent poſterity; to the eternal infamy of his name and family, when the poor offspring of his wretched carcaſe inherit nothing but the ſchedule of his diſtempers, and dwindle away a miſerable life in pills plaiſters, and po-

tions: Well therefore would it be if men would think of this, and prize a good conſtitution, the bleſſing of health, and the virtuous pleaſure of *ſobriety* before it be too late.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION of youth was ever eſteemed of ſo high an importance, that we find *Solon* made a law, that thoſe parents ſhould not be relieved or regarded in their old age, by thoſe children upon whom they had neglected to beſtow a virtuous Education.

The late Mr. *Hervey*, in his reflections on a flower garden, as an image of a well-nurtured mind; has the following addreſs to thoſe concerned in the Education of youth.

"How naturally does this lead our contemplation, to the advantages which flow from a virtuous *Education*; and the miſeries which enſue from the * *neglect* of it?—The mind, without early inſtitution, will, in all probability, become like the "vineyard of the ſluggard." If left to the propenſities of his own depraved will; what can we expect, but the moſt luxurient growth of unruly appetites; which in time will break forth into all manner of ſcandalous

* Neglectis urendo filix innaſcitur agris.

lous irregularities? What—but that *anger*, like a prickly thorn, arm the temper with an untractable moroſeneſs: *Peeviſhneſs*, like a ſtinging nettle, render the converſation irkſome and forbidding: *Avarice*, like ſome choaking weed, teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppreſs: *Revenge*, like ſome poiſonous plant, replete with baneful juices, rankle in the breaſt, and meditate miſchief to its neighbour: while unbridled *luſts*, like ſwarms of noiſome inſects, taint each riſing thought; and render "every imagination of the heart only evil continually."—Such, are the uſual products of ſavage nature!—Such, the furniture of the uncultivated ſoul!

Whereas, let the mind be put under the nurture and admonition of the Lord:" Let holy diſcipline clear the ſoil: Let ſacred inſtructions ſow it with the beſt ſeed: Let ſkill and vigilance dreſs the riſing ſhoots; direct the young ideas, how to ſpread; the wayward paſſions how to move.—Then, what a different ſtate of the inner man, will quickly take place! *charity* will breath her ſweets, and *hope* expand her bloſſoms: The *perſonal* virtues diſplay their graces, and the *ſocial* ones their fruit: The ſentiments become generous; the carriage endearing; the life honourable and uſeful.

Yet truſt not in cultivation *alone*. It is the bleſſing of the Almighty Huſbandman, which imparts *ſucceſs* to ſuch labours of love. If God "ſeal up the bottles of heaven," and commands the clouds

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to withold their fatneſs, the beſt manured plot becomes a barren deſert. And if *He* reſtrain the dew of his heavenly benediction, all human endeavours miſcarry; the rational plantation languiſhes; our moſt pregnant hopes, from youths of the moſt promiſing genius, prove abortive. "Their root will "be as rottenneſs, and their bloſſom will go up as "duſt. Iſa. v. 24.—Therefore, let *parents* plant; let *tutors* water; but let both look up to the Father of *ſpirits*, for the deſired increaſe.

Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is a ſweet attraction of the heart, towards the merit we eſteem, or the perfections we admire; and produces a mutual inclination between two perſons, to promote each others intereſt, knowledge, virtue, and happineſs.

There is nothing ſo common as pretences to Friendſhip; though few know what it means, and fewer yet comes up to its demands. By talking of it, we ſet ourſelves off; but when we enquire into

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it, we ſee our defects; and when we heartily engage in it, we muſt charge through abundance of difficulties.

The veneration it has challenged in every age, (the moſt barbarous not excepted) is a ſtanding teſtimony of its excellence: and the more valuable it is, the more are we concerned to be inſtructed in it.

Monſieur de Sacy, in his eſſay upon Friendſhip, treats to this effect.

The Friendſhip which is to be recommended, is union of affections, ſpringing from a generous reſpect to virtue, and is maintained hy harmony of manners. It's a great miſtake to call every trifling commerce by this ſerious name; or to ſuppoſe that empty compliments and viſits of ceremony, where no more is intended than to paſs the time, and ſhew the equipage, ſhould paſs for a real and well eſtabliſhed Friendſhip. The frequency of the practice won't wipe off the abſurdity; there is as wide a difference as between a bully and a man of honour.

Not that theſe amuſements are to be found fault with, the innocence and conveniency of which may protect them, when they paſs for nothing but what they are; but, methinks, they ought to be diſtinguiſhed from their betters; and the language and profeſſions bear a proportion to the real impreſſions we have upon our heart.

Conformity

Conformity of inclinations is the life of Friendſhip, and yet ſeveral perſons may be found that agree in the ſame. If the ſame centre be common to them all, no matter how many lines may be drawn from it. If virtue be this centre, the principle upon which every one acts, there will be an agreement and proportion in the whole. Whilſt all are purſuing this common intereſt, all are travelling the ſame courſe, nothing can break the union of their affections and deſires. The danger is only from irregular motions, and forgetting the point from which every one ſhould act. So long as we maintain a reſpect to this principle of union, and keep *virtue* in the throne, our humour and caprice will be checked and ſubdued. If intereſt can form and maintain ſocieties, as we find it does, why ſhould not thoſe who are acted by a higher principle (and with ſuch only is our buſineſs) do as much, if not more?

It may be ſaid, from hence I conclude all good men are friends, if *virtue* be the life of Friendſhip. The conſequence holds good as far as eſteem goes. If they knew one another, they would value one another. But though Friendſhip is founded in eſteem, ſo much that it cannot otherwiſe ſubſiſt, there goes, however, ſomething more to form it. Eſteem is a tribute due to merit in general, but Friendſhip is an improvement made upon merit,

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and engages us in a very different degree. Such impreſſion has been made upon the heart as can't well be deſcribed, and works like a mother's affection to her own children above thoſe of ſtrangers, as amiable in themſelves.

Thoſe who would have Friendſhip confined to the narroweſt compaſs, have notions of it the moſt ſublime: Though number, if practicable, may be highly uſeful. To have friends at all times and in all places, ſome eminently qualified to one purpoſe, ſome to another. For to have but one friend, may ſometimes be to have none. Or which is the ſame thing, none when we want him. The circumſtances of time, and place, and ability too, may make it proper that we have more than one bottom to venture in. The offices of Friendſhip are various, to direct our choice, and rectify our miſtakes; to ſuſtain our misfortunes, moderate our joys, and the like. This may poſſibly be better done by the care and endeavours of ſeveral.

Not that I would have Friendſhip governed by profit and convenience; a motive ſo mean can produce nothing extraordinary. There is ſomething generous in the compoſition, that looks at another man's advantage as much as his own. And yet all this needs not exclude conſiderations of its uſefulneſs. *Virtue* itſelf does not deſpiſe rewards, but propoſes a pleaſure in reflection.

And that we may not talk without a precedent for what we ſay, the ſages of old, whoſe Friendſhips were ſo well cultivated, and became ſo famous as to be handed down to the preſent time, even theirs, were divided into ſeveral ſtreams. The moſt polite nations, and their philoſophers too, gave us example of that ſort to build upon.

It were difficult to determine juſt how many make a quorum of Friends. Some fix the number to three, others allow a greater latitude: but this rule will ſerve us, the *fewer the better*; and he who thinks he has a great number of friends, has moſt reaſon to believe he has none at all.

'Twas a good return of *Socrates* when his houſe was thought too little, "Would to God I could fill "it with true friends." After all, if one could have a barn full, one would wiſh for no more than a cloſet would hold.

Let the matter at laſt turn upon this: ſetting aſide the reaſons I have offered.

The difficulty we ſhall find in the choice of our friends, will make us rejoice we have but few to chuſe. Of ſuch importance is the work, 'tis ſo hard to ſucceed, and ſo dangerous to miſcarry, ſo ſevere an enquiry into the inclination and merits of the perſon, and the experience run through before we are ſafe in their hands, will convince us, that to gain three or four in the courſe of our life, is to employ it well.

Whence

Whence is it ſo many Friendſhips clapt up on a ſudden, which have the air of a veteran, not of a raw undiciplined affection; and look like the meeting of old friends, not new ones: whence can it be, theſe ſo promiſing and kindly advances ſhould be ſo ſoon overturned? 'Tis becauſe they began too ſoon, and run up to faſt. And is there any myſtery in this, that *time* ſhould deſtroy what we ſet up without conſulting him? We meet and at firſt ſight like one another well, the next thing is to ſay ſo, the next in courſe to be *dear Friends*. We vow and ſwear eternal amity; and when we go to conſidering, we find him out; we grow cool; and at length come to hate him. We ſwing ourſelves up by main force, and our own weight brings us down again.

Would you contract a Friendſhip that ſhould laſt a long time, be a long time in contracting it.

De Sacy.

Plutarch thus deſcribes the perſon, a friend ſhould be, in his treatiſe of a large Friendſhip.

"As to the perſon of whom we are to make a friend, he muſt be endued with virtue as a thing in itſelf lovely and deſireable; which conſiſts in a ſweet and obliging temper of mind, and lively readineſs in doing good offices; than which qualifications nothing is more rarely found in nature. To this a familiar converſation muſt be added, for the perſon whom we deſire to make our friend, muſt not caſually be

picked up at a tavern or an eating-houſe, nor at a promiſcuous meeting at an horſe-race; but one choſen upon long and mature deliberations, confirmed by ſettled converſe, and with whom, as the proverb ſays, *we have eaten a buſhel of ſalt.*

From a vicious man I ſhould deſire to ſtand off altogether. By a vicious man, I mean not one liable to failings, as all men are; but one that acts without any reſpect to honour and conſcience; he's out of his element when he makes an engagement that is ſupported only by principles of *virtue.* But true Friendſhip, juſtly founded, is a bleſſing in which virtue has the ſole propriety. And as virtue has but few temporal rewards to propoſe, thoſe few are to be found no where elſe."

Plutarch.

Equality of birth and fortune, is by ſome made a point neceſſary to a well inſtructed Friendſhip. And it muſt be ſaid the rule were to be embraced, if we could, when we pleaſed, find as good men of our own rank as elſewhere. But conſidering there are but few of any rank fit to be choſen, we ſhould look at the ſollid foundation of merit, and paſs by meer accompliſhments. We make no league with the coat of arms, and liveries but the man; and with that part of the man too, that is conſidered abſtractedly from both. Theſe things are not fixed to the freehold.

Not

Not but that one ſhould carry it with that diſtance and regard which is due to perſons of condition. If they condecend to lay aſide their ſtate, there is no reaſon we ſhould take advantage of the level. The acknowledgement of a civility is certainly leſs than the doing it. Diſtinction may be laid aſide, but it's not the inferior's part to demand it ſhould. Both ſides will agree upon their duty in this point, if they are over-ruled by the more material conſideration of *merit* and *true virtue*. Theſe will ſet no higher value upon the accidents of fortune than as they may be truly ſerviceable. Yet theſe things are ſome times good and uſeful indications; a good introduction to what we look for. *Honour* and *greatneſs of ſpirit*, are often owing to a generous education, good inſtructions, and example. One would preſume farther upon the behaviour of a man genteelly bred, than another that wanted that advantage. But on the other hand, there are inſtances to be met with of ſuch as have outſtretched expeſtation, as well as thoſe that have fallen ſhort of it. Theſe ſhould be looked upon with as much favour, and rather more for having hammered out themſelves into the perfections they have.

To conclude then with reſpect to the choice of our Friends: Let us pay every man his reſpect and diſtance due to him, but when we look for a friend, one that is to be received into the moſt intimate union

union, let us not fail to take *Diogenes*'s lanthorn, and conſider him abſtractedly from the outſide and appearance.

Monſ. de Sacy.

And Sir *Thomas Fitzoſborne* expreſſes himſelf to the ſame purpoſe: We ſhould not indeed ſo often hear complaints of the inconſtancy and falſeneſs of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they uſualy are, in forming connections of this kind. But the misfortune is, our Friendſhip are apt to be too forward; and thus either fall off in the bloſſom, or never arrive at juſt maturity. It is an excellent piece of advice, therefore, that the poet *Martial* gives upon this occaſion.

Tu tantúm inſpice cui novus paratur
An poſſit fieri vetus ſodalis.

And the *Author* of the *Night Thoughts* gives the following advice:

Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt on thy friend delib'rate with thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift, not eager in thy choice.
Nor jealous of the choſen, fixing, fix,
Judge before Friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee:
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
"A world in purchaſe of a friend is gain.

YOUNG.

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The general duty of a friend is an induſtrous purſuit of his friend's real advantages; fidelity in all his truſts, aſſiſtance in all his wants, and a conſtant endeavour for his advancement in *piety* and *virtue*; for ſo cloſe is the connection, that it is the expreſſion of God himſelf ſpeaking of a friend: *Thy friend which is as thine own Soul.* Duet. xiii. 6.

Amongſt the friends we may ſhake off, I reckon thoſe who ſtick cloſe as long as fortune is kind, but turn with the tide and keep at a diſtance; thoſe flies that follow the honey pot while there is ſomething to be had, and take leave when there is no more to be hoped for. A true friend may be forgiven, if in time of proſperity he ſeem to forget you; but he is not worth having that neglects you in *diſtreſs*; for it is then his duty comes on, when things go againſt you; to ſuſtain and comfort you when you are oppreſſed with trouble; and to bear a part of your burthen. We think we come up to the higheſt pitch of Friendſhip when our purſe is open to our friend. It is true comparatively reckoning, he is a generous man that will do ſo much; but that is not enough. If to part with our money to thoſe we profeſs an affection for, be the higheſt piece of Friendſhip, pray what muſt the loweſt be? Is it ſuch a mighty buſineſs to do that for the deareſt perſon in the world, which we do to gratify a vain humour? What common humanity or applauſe will put us upon, ſurely, amongſt friends,

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is not to be reckoned an act of tranſcendent kindneſs, when it is no more than giving to another ſelf, and paying of debts. Is there any thing more certainly due, than what we are engaged to by the alliance of Friendſhip: Let a man incur the diſpleaſure of his ſuperiors, and warmly embark in my ſervice, I'll own ſuch a man to be a friend indeed, generous, and affectionate; one cannot praiſe him too much. Let him open his purſe to one he loves, this comes ſhort of the other. A man of honour upon a ſlender Friendſhip, would do as much as this. To cry up the parting with our pence for the higheſt ſacrifice that can be made to Friendſhip, is a ſign of a grovelling ſpirit, that knows not what is truly noble. The people of old had better notions of the matter, who would borrow to give others in diſtreſs, and think they had done no more than their duty.

Wherefore he that fails in this point, is not worth our acquaintance. He that deſerts a man to ſave his pocket, will never hazard life and reputation in his ſervice. *Virtue* is the principle of union; but vice is often ſtrong enough to make a ſeparation. *Adverſity* is the time to try how ſincere the profeſſions were, if they paſs that *teſt*, we may depend upon them. *De Sacy.*

With three ſorts of men enter no ſerious Friendſhip. The ungrateful man; the multiloquos man; and the coward. The firſt cannot prize your favours;

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the ſecond cannot keep your counſel; and the third dare not vindicate your honour.

Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle Friendſhip. It ſweetens our cares; ſoftens our ſorrows; and aſſiſts us in extremities; it is a ſovereign antidote againſt calamities.

Nature within the ſoul of man, has form'd nothing more noble, or more rare than Friendſhip.

Friends are to friends as leſſer Gods while they,
Honour and ſervice to each other pay;
But when a dark cloud comes, grudge not to lend
Thy head, thy heart, thy fortune to thy friend.

MENANDER.

GOD.

THE following is the character which the ſcriptures exhibit to us of the God whom we profeſs to worſhip. *He* is no *local Deity*, like thoſe of the idolatrous heathens, preſiding over this or the other province of nature, the heavens, the air, the earth, the ſea; inhabiting this mountain, that grove, or that valley; the *tutelar* God of this city, or the peculiar *Guardian* of that nation. OUR GOD is confined to no ſpot: His regards are limited to no community: He rides on the circuit of the heavens: His eyes run to and fro throughout the

whole earth: Hell itſelf is open before him, and deſtruction hath no covering. He maketh the clouds his chariot, and the winds his meſſengers: All the elements fulfil his commands. Darkneſs is his pavillion;-the earth is his footſtool, and in the deep waters his wonders are ſeen. All nature is his temple, all ſpace his abode; every living thing is the workmanſhip of his hand; and over all his parental care and tender mercies extend, without the leaſt ſhadow of partiality, or the ſmalleſt tincture of envy. Who then can behold ſo auguſt a character and not *venerate* it, ſo amiable a character and not *love* it? *Fordyce's Theodorus.*

All nature is full of God. He is enthroned in light: He creates darkneſs: He hath his way in the whirlwinds, ſending abroad his lightnings, giveth ſnow like wool, ſcattereth the hoary froſt like aſhes, and caſteth forth his ice like morſels! Who can ſtand before his cold? Who can thunder with a voice like God? It is *He* who diſtils the rain from his bottles, who opens the bubbling fountains, who covers the fields with graſs, and the hills with flocks, who ſpins out the fleecy air, and ſpreads forth the liquid plains, who refreſhes us with his wings, lights us with the ſun, and entertains us at his table, richly furniſhed with all the dainties of heaven.

What infinite reaſon then have we to *confide* in ſuch benificent *Wiſdom*, to *ſubmit* to a *Power* at once ſo awfully

awfully and munificently employed, to *receive* with the higheſt gtatitude ſuch a profuſion of *Goodneſs*, and to *reſign* ourſelves over to a *Providence* ſo watchful, ſo active, ſo unweared in our behalf.

Ibid.

He that fears God truly, ſerves him faithfully, loves him intirely, prays unto him devoutly, and diſtributes to the poor liberally.

The fear of God is the greateſt treaſure of the heart of man; it will be attended with wiſdom, juſtice, peace, joy, refined pleaſures, true liberty, ſweet plenty, and ſpotleſs glory.

Remember that thoſe who fear God, have nothing to fear from man. If God be for us, who can be againſt us.

Let us ever remember God is omnipreſent: if we go up into heaven he is there, if we go down into hell he is there alſo; in the former, reigns his infinite mercy, in the latter, his eternal vengeance.

God is *Alpha* and *Omega* in the great world, let us endeavour to make him ſo in the little world; let us practice to make him our laſt thought at night when we ſleep; and our firſt in the morning when we awake; ſo ſhall our fancy be ſanctified in the night, and our underſtanding rectified in the day; ſo ſhall our reſt be peaceful, and our labours proſperous; our life pious, and our death glorious.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE is compoſed of truth and juſtice. Truth in the acknowledgment of what has been received, and juſtice in the return of one good action for another. *Stobæus*

O! how amiable is *Gratitude!* eſpecially when it has the *ſupreme Benefactor* for it's object. I have always looked upon Gratitude as the moſt exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the term) generouſly devout. *Repentance* indicates our nature fallen, and *prayer* turns chiefly upon a regard to one's ſelf. But the excerciſes of Gratitude ſubſiſted in *paradiſe*, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in *Heaven*, when "God ſhall be *all* in *all*." *Hervey.*

How ſublimely does *Adam* offer up his praiſe and Gratitude in the following *Morning Hymn.*

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſit'ſt above theſe Heav'ns!
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with ſongs,
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;

On Earth join all ye Creatures, to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end!
Faireſt of ſtars! laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn.
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires! that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run,
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our Great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts, and exhalations! that now riſe
From hill, and ſteaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe:
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhow'rs,
Riſing, or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave,
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls! ye birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven gates aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep!
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,

To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark!

MILTON.

As to the matter of Gratitude and Ingratitude, even between man and man, there never was any man yet ſo wicked as not to approve of the one, and deteſt the other, as the two things in the whole word, the one to be the moſt eſteemed, and the other the moſt abominated.

Demoſthenes ſaid, it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, *for ever* to be ſenſible of it; but him that beſtoweth it, *preſently* to forget it. He is unjuſt, ſaid *Socrates*, who does not return deſerved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe. It is every where juſt and right, ſaid a *third*, that whoſoever ſhall receive any benefit from another, ſhould be ſure to return him ſuitable *thanks* for the ſame. And *Cicero* affirmed, that no duty is more neceſſary than that of returning thanks. In a word, it is ſo acceptable to God and man, that it is the ready way to obtain greater benefits from both; whereas ingratitude ſtops the current of favours for ever; for the ungrateful render themſelves unworthy of any more.

HAP-

HAPPINESS.

THE true Happineſs of man, endued with rational powers and bodily ſenſes, muſt be founded in virtue and godlineſs, and be agreeable to our whole nature and ſtructure both of ſoul and body, but eſpecially ſuited to his more exalted faculties and immortal part; it muſt be agreeable to every ſituation in which we can be placed all through life, and to every character and office he may ſuſtain. This true Happineſs is ſuch as may be enjoyed without ſhame and ſuſpicion of wrong conduct, or fear of future ill conſequences, ſuch as will ſupport calm and ſteady ſerenety, effectually deliver us from turbulent and diſquieting paſſions, ſtand the ſevere teſt of deliberate reflections, improved upon longer experience, and be laſting as our immortal exiſtence.

There is no truer Happineſs in this life, than that which beginneth everlaſting Happineſs.

The firſt felicity, that true chriſtians experience after this life, is the reſt of their ſouls, in Chriſt; the ſecond, ſhall be the immortality and glory of their bodies.

This

This is perfection and Happineſs, for every thing to attain the end for which it was erected, and therein to reſt and be for ever bleſſed.

Happy are thoſe men who live without ambition, diſtruſt, or diſguiſe. And happy is he who limits his deſires to a private and peaceable manner of life, wherein it is leſs difficult to be virtuous.

A man may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented; nature is ſerved with a little, and we ought to eſteem our irregular appetites as foreigners; if our fortune be not extended to the larger meaſure of our wiſhes, it is eaſy to contract and adequate our minds to our fortune.

No man can call himſelf happy till the hour of his death; which alone releaſes us from all human miſeries. This was the ſaying of *Solon* upon the following occaſion.

Cræſus ſending for *Solon*, received him decked with all the ornaments of jewels, purple and embroidery, and all that could make him worthy admiration, that he might appear the moſt glorious and gaudy ſpectacle. Now when *Solon* came before him, and ſeemed not at all ſurprized, nor gave *Cræſus* thoſe compliments he expected; but ſhewed himſelf to all diſcerning eyes, to be a man that deſpiſed ſuch gaudy vanities: he commanded them to ſhew him all his wealth, though he did not deſire to ſee it, and all his warlike preparations; and when he

he returned from viewing all this, *Cræſus* aſked him if ever he had ſeen a happier man than he was? And when *Solon* anſwered he knew one *Tellus*, a citizen of his, who was an honeſt man, had good children, a competent eſtate, and died bravely for his country; *Cræſus* took him for an ill bred fellow, and a fool, for not meaſuring Happineſs by the abundance of gold and ſilver; and prefering the life and death of a private and mean man, before ſo much power and ſuch an empire: he aſked him again, if beſides *Tellus*, he knew any other man more happy? And *Solon* replied, yes, *Cleobis* and *Bito*, who were brothers, were very loving, and extremely dutiful to their mother; for when the oxen went but ſlow, they put themſelves into the waggon, and drew their mother to *Juno*'s temple, who was extremely pleaſed with their action, and called happy by her neighbours, and then ſacrificing and feaſting they never roſe again, but died without pains or convulſions immediately after they had got ſo great credit and reputation. What, ſays *Cræſus* angry, and doſt thou not reckon us among the happy men? And *Solon* unwilling either to flatter or to exaſperate him more, replied; the Gods, O king, in other things have given the *Greeks* nothing great and excellent, ſo our wiſdom is bold, and mean, and low, not noble and kingly; and this, obſerving the numerous misfortunes that attend all conditions, forbids us

to grow insolent upon our present enjoyments, or to admire any man's Happiness that may change, for what variety will happen is unknown; but to whom God hath continued Happiness to the end, that man we call happy; but his Happiness who is yet alive, is like the glory and crown of a wrestler that is still within the ring, unsteady and uncertain: After this he was dismissed, having grieved but not instructed Cræsus. Then indeed Cræsus despised Solon; but when he was overcome by *Cyrus*, lost his city, was taken alive, condemned to be burnt, and laid bound upon the pile, before all the Persians, and Cyrus himself, he cried out as loud as possibly he could, O Solon! Solon! Solon! and Cyrus surprised, and sending some to enquire what man or God, this Solon was, that he only invoked in this unavoidable misfortune; Cræsus told him the whole story, saying, he was one of the wise men of *Greece*, whom I sent for, not to be instructed, or to learn any thing that I wanted, but that he should see and be a witness of my Happiness: the loss of which is now a greater evil, than the enjoyment was a good: for when I had them, they were goods only in opinion, but now the loss of them hath brought upon me intolerable and real evils; and, that no man conjecturing these present calamities would happen, bad me look to the end of my life, and not rely and grow proud upon uncertainties. When this was told

told Cyrus, who was a wiſer man than Cræſus, and ſeeing in the preſent example, that Solon's ſaying was confirmed, he not only freed Cræſus from puniſhment, but honoured him as long as he lived; and Solon had the glory by the ſame ſaying, to inſtruct one king and ſave another. *Plutarch's Lives.*

How happy are thoſe who have obtained the important victory of conquering their paſſions, after which man is no longer the ſlave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emaſculated by tenderneſs, or depreſſed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or the privacies of life, as the ſun purſues alike his courſe through the calm or the ſtormy ſky. *Prince of Abiſſinia.*

HEALTH.

HEALTH is the bleſſing that every one wiſhes to enjoy; but the multitude are ſo unreaſonable, as to deſire to purchaſe it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be ſecured by *exerciſe* or *labour*. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy, the eaſe and affluence of their ſuperiors, not conſidering that

the uſual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and diſeaſe.

The happineſs of life is, I believe, generally to be found in thoſe ſtations, which neither totally ſubject men to labour, nor abſolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of diſquietude, ambition of diſappointment, and riches of diſeaſe.

Sir *William Temple*, in his eſſay on Health and long life, after many other obſervations to the ſame effect, thus expreſſes himſelf:

"I have heard, and very credibly, of many in my life above a hundred years old, brought as witneſſes upon trials of titles and bounds of land: but have obſerved moſt of them have been of *Derbyſhire*, *Staffordſhire*, or *Yorkſhire*, and none above the rank of common farmers. The oldeſt I ever knew of perſons of quality, or indeed any gentleman at home or abroad, was fourſcore and twelve: This, added to all the former obſervations, either of long-lived races, or perſons in any age or country, makes it eaſy to conclude, that Health and long-life are uſually bleſſings of the poor, not of the rich, and the fruits of *temperance* rather than of *luxury* and *exceſs*. And indeed if a rich man does not in many reſpects live like a poor man, he will certainly be the worſe for his riches: If he does not uſe exerciſe, which is but voluntary labour, if he does not reſtrain appetite by choice, as the other does by neceſ-

ſity:

ſity; If he does not practice ſometimes even abſtinence and faſting, which is the laſt extreme of want and poverty: If his cares and his troubles increaſe with his riches, or his paſſions with his pleaſures; he will certainly impair in Health whilſt he improves his fortune, and loſe more than he gains by the bargain: ſince Health is the beſt of all human poſſeſſions, and without which, the reſt are not reliſhed or kindly enjoyed."

I will conclude theſe reflections with the following fable, from *Lamotte*.

Labour, the offspring of *Want*, and the mother of *Health* and *Contentment*, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the ſide of an hill, at a great diſtance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: But having a deſire of ſeeing the world, they forſook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. *Labour* went ſoberly along the road, with *Health* on her right hand, who by the ſprightlineſs of her converſation, and ſongs of chearfulneſs and joy, ſoftened the toils of the way; while *Contentment* went ſmiling on the left, ſupporting the ſteps of her mother, and by her perputual good humour, increaſing the vivacity of her ſiſter.

In this manner they travelled over foreſts, and through towns and villages, till at laſt they arrived at the capital of the kingdom.

At their enterance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to loſe ſight of her; for it was the will of *Jupiter*, ſhe ſaid, that their ſeperation ſhould be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But *Health* was of too gay a diſpoſition to regard the counſels of *Labour*: ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be debauched by *Intemperance*, and at laſt died in the child-birth of *Diſeaſe*. *Contentment*, in the abſence of her ſiſter, gave herſelf up to the enticements of *Sloth*, and was never heard of after: while *Labour*, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in ſearch of them, till ſhe was at laſt ſeized by *Laſſitude* in her way, and died in miſery.

Lamotte.

HEAVEN.

THE perfection of the ſpirits of the juſt in Heaven, conſiſts in a glorious and tranſcendent degree of thoſe ſpiritual and heavenly qualifications and bleſſings which they enjoy here on earth in a lower meaſure. Implying likewiſe a freedom from all the defects and diſorders to which they are expoſed, and which are inconſiſtent with their preſent happineſs and perfect holineſs. In a word, Heaven includes perfect knowledge without any mixture

mixture of error; a glorious degree of holineſs, without the leaſt taint of ſin; conſtant peace, and exalted joy, withour any ſpecies of pain or ſorrow.

HELL.

HELL is no leſs than the eternal and ſecond death, in its utmoſt extent and terror, as, juſt in all reſpects the oppoſite to eternal life, 'tis the moſt finiſhed miſery of the wicked, wherein they are eternally ſeparated from the pleaſing perception of God, and the fruition of all kinds of good, confined in chains of diſpair and darkneſs, under the lively and afflicting ſenſe of the puniſhing vengeance of the Deity, juſtly kindled and continually flaming againſt them for their offenſive actions, and in a wiſe and equitable proportion to the meaſure of thoſe offences. So that they are filled with inceſſant ſtings and horrors of conſcience, and tormented in ſoul and body with ſuch painful and raging flames, as will for ever diſtreſs, but never conſume their bodies, or deſtroy a lively conſciouſneſs of guilt in their ſouls to all eternity.

HONESTY.

NOTHING can be honeſt but what is juſt; and that knowledge which is divided from juſtice is rather craft than wiſdom: ſo that courage which is bold and adventurous is rather temerity and fool-hardineſs than valour, if it be carried on by paſſion or intereſt rather than for a common good.

Every man is bound to be an honeſt man, but all cannot be great men; he that is good is great, and if the fooliſh world eſteem him not ſo, let him ſtand to the verdict of his own conſcience.

He that is forward to reproach the infirmities of other men's Honeſty, is very near a breach of his own.

He that haſtily reproaches another without ſufficient ground, cannot be an honeſt man.

Where there may be a ſufficient ground of reproach, yet an honeſt man is always tender of his neighbour's character, from the ſenſe of his own frailty.

An honeſt man lives not to the world, but to himſelf.

How juſt is the ſentement of our celebrated poet, Mr. *Pope*, upon this occaſion:

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod,
An *honeſt* man's the nobleſt work of God.

INTEMPERANCE.

ST. PAUL, in his firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians, chap. vi. ver. 13. ſays, *Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats, but God ſhall deſtroy both it and them.* He, methinks, throws bluſh and confuſion in the face of his readers, when he argues upon theſe ſubjects; for who can conceive his body the manſion of an immortal ſpirit, capable to receive the the aſpiration and grace of an eternal God, and at the ſame time, by gluttony and drunkenneſs, entertain in that place fewel to inflame themſelves into the abuſe of every paſſion? as if our miſery was our ſtudy, and Innocence and Temperance, thoſe eaſy and agreeable companions, were not preferable to the convulſions of wrath and tortures of the paſſions. The dire effects of Intemperance are moſt pathetically deſcribed by an ingenious young poet, in the following lines,

——————— War its thouſands ſlays,
Peace its ten thouſands: In th' embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there ſo abſolute,
So mercileſs, as in yon frantic ſcenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,

Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawleſs love,
He ſnares the ſimple youth, who nought ſuſpecting
Means to be bleſt;——But finds himſelf undone.
Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe;
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore
Where Virtue takes her ſtand, but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair Day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad but ſure miſchance!

Death, a Poetical Eſſay, by
B. PORTEUS, M. A F. C. C. Cambridge.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE conſiſts in an exact and ſcrupulous regard to the right of others: with a deliberate purpoſe to preſerve them upon all occaſions ſecret and inviolate: and, from this fair and equitable temper, performing every neceſſary act of Juſtice that relates to their perſons or properties, being juſt to their merit, and juſt to their infirmities: by making all the allowances in their favour which their circumſtances require, and a good natured and equitable conſtruction of particular caſes will admit of, being true to our friendſhips, to our promiſes and contracts, juſt in our traffick, juſt in our demands, and juſt by obſerving a due moderation and proportion even in our reſentments.

To

To do Juſtice, to deal fairly, to bear good will, to practice beneficence, to ſuccour the afflicted, and relieve the neceſſitous, to eſteem worthy perſons and actions, to reverence God and our parents, to honour and obey our governers; theſe and the like are agreeable to nature, neceſſary for our ſtate, accepted of God, and approved of by all men.

Juſtice is the foundation of an everlaſting fame, and there can be nothing commendable without it.

Be ever ſteady to your word; yet be not aſhamed to confeſs your errors, nor ſlow to indemnify thoſe who may have ſuffered by your miſtake.

Philip king of *Macedon*, having drank too much wine happened to determine a cauſe unjuſtly, to the prejudice of a poor widow; who when ſhe heard his decree, boldly cried out, I appeal to *Philip* ſober. The king ſtruck with the peculiarity of the event, recovered his ſenſes, heard the cauſe afreſh, and finding his miſtake, ordered her to be paid, out of his own purſe, double the ſum ſhe was to have loſt. This is an example worthy imitation.

Juſtice is a glorious and a communicative virtue, ordained for the common good of mankind, without any regard to itſelf. This it is, that keeps men from worrying one another, and preſerves tranquillity in the world. It is the bond of human ſociety, a kind of tacit agreement and impreſſion of nature; without which there is not any thing we do can de-

ſerve commendation. The juſt man, "wrongs no-"body, but contents himſelf with his own; does "good to all; thinks and ſpeaks well of all; gives "every man his due, and is not any man's hindrance. "Where he is in authority, he commands righte-"ous things; lies open to all; prefers a public "gook before a private benefit; puniſhes the wic-"ked, rewards the good, and keeps every man in "his duty." Where he is in ſubjection, *he preſerves* concord, lives in obedience to laws and magiſtrates; contents himſelf in his ſtation, *without hankering after offices and preferment*; *and is no medler in other peoples matters.* He is juſt for Juſtice ſake, and aſks no other reward than what he receives in the comfort of being juſt.

——————If Juſtice now requires,
With vice it ſhould go ill, with virtue well,
Yet ſo it fares, with neither in this life:
It then remains, that in ſome other life,
Will this diſtinction certainly be made,
And then the ſcene which with regard to man,
Now rude appears, nor worthy of a God
All-wiſe and gracious, ſhall itſelf diſcloſe;
And ev'ry thing be ſeen, the cloud remov'd,
In its true colour and its proper place.
If this you doubt, ſay by what rule you prove,
That there's a God at all, who governs things
With perfect harmony, and niceſt ſkill!
What, does he ev'ry thing beſides direct
With juſt propriety, and only fail
In this, the chiefeſt part? Not ſo; a time
Will come (enquire not how) this is enough;
'Tis plain; a time there will be after death,

When

When God as fit, the juſt from the unjuſt,
The guiltleſs from the guilty ſhall ſelect,
And give to every man his due reward.

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is certainly one of the means of pleaſure, as is confeſſed by the natural deſire which every mind feels of increaſing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced: it is a vanity an which the ſoul ſits motionleſs and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that, if nothing counteracts the natural conſequence of learning. We grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

Prince of Abiſſinia.

Knowledge will ſoon become folly, when good ſenſe ceaſes to be its guardian.

The true Knowledge of God and yourſelf, are true teſtimonies of being in the highway to ſalvation; *that* breeds in you a filial love, *this* a filial fear; the ignorance of yourſelf is the beginning of all ſin, and the ignorance of God is the perfection of all evil.

It is for young men to gather Knowledge, and for old men to uſe it; and aſſure yourſelf, that no man gives a fairer account of his time, than he that makes it his daily ſtudy to make himſelf better.

KNOWLEDGE
OF ONE'S SELF.

LET men learn to be affectionate to their friends, faithful to their allies, reſpectful to nobility, and juſt even to their enemies; let them be taught to fear death and torments leſs than the leaſt reproach of their conſcience.

To improve your thoughts, conſider what a figureage, diſeaſes, and death, will make of you: and, to regulate your computations of fame, reflect, that both the orator and the hero, the man and the merit, will quickly go off and be out of ſight; that men differ in their notions of honour and eſteem, and that even the ſame perſon is not of the ſame opinion long together.

Let us be juſt, humane, faithful, diſintereſted, contented with little, and deſpiſing that vain nicety which multiplies our wants; what we ought to value moſt his health, frugality, liberty, a ſound and

vigorous

vigorous body and mind, the love of virtue, the fear of God, a kind diſpoſition towards our relations, conſtant affection to our friends, faithfulneſs and honeſty with all men, moderation in proſperity, conſtancy in adverſity, and a courageous boldneſs in ſpeaking the truth.

Did we but know ourſelves, how humble it would make us, and happy would it be for us if we did; for want of Knowledge of ourſelves, is the cauſe of pride, and pride was the firſt cauſe of our ſeparation from God, and ignorance of ourſelves is the cauſe of keeping us from coming to him, "for God reſiſteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." Did we but know ourſelves we could not be proud. For *what is man?* A weak and ſickly body; a pitiful helpleſs creature, expoſed to all the injuries of times and fortune; a maſs of clay and corruption, "prone to do evil, as the ſparks fly upwards," and of ſo perverſe and depraved a judgement, as to prize earth above heaven; temporal pleaſures before endleſs felicities; "Every man living is altogether vanity.

It is not ſo very difficult for men to know themſelves, if they took but proper pains to enquire into themſelves; but they are more ſolicitous to be thought what they ſhould be, than really careful to to be what they ought to be.

The following is the advice which St. Bernard *gives to Pope* Eugenius, *upon this occaſion.*

" Tear off the veil, ſays he, that hides you from your own eyes; pluck off thoſe leaves which hide your ſhame, but do not heal your wound; Strip off your vain ornaments, and all that ſeeming glory that ſurrounds you, that you may ſee yourſelf quite naked, and as you came into the world. Did you come with thoſe marks of dignity, and thoſe coſtly garments? Did you come here all ſhining with precious ſtones and loaded with gold? If you look upon all this as ſome thing without you, as a cloud which paſſes away, and that will ſoon be diſperſed, you will ſee in yourſelf nothing but a poor miſerable man, diſcontented with his condition, and aſhamed of his nakedneſs; a man who weeps becauſe he is born, and murmurs becauſe he exiſts. In fine, a man born for labour, and not for honour."

What am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance?
Dropp'd by wild atoms in diſorder'd dance?
Or from an endleſs chain of cauſes wrought?
And of unthinking ſubſtance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cauſe,
Supremely wiſe, without deſign or laws?
Am I but what I ſeem, meer fleſh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?

The

The purple ſtream that thro' my veſſels glides,
Dull and unconſcious flows like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices ſtray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame, compacted with tranſcendent ſkill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waſtes, I call it mine, not me:
New matter ſtill the mould'ring maſs ſuſtains,
The manſion chang'd, the tenant ſtill remains;
And from the fleeting ſtream, repair'd by food;
Diſtinct, as is the ſwimmer from the flood.
What am I then? ſure of a nobler birth;
By parents right: I own as mother, earth;
But claim ſuperior lineage by my Sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Eſſence divine, with lifeleſs clay allay'd,
By double nature, double inſtinct ſway'd;
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native ſky,
I ſtrive to mount, but ſtrive, alas! in vain,
Ty'd to this maſſy globe with magic chain.
Now with ſwift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What ſteady powers their endleſs motions guide:
Thro' the ſame trackleſs paths of boundleſs void,
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a ſcale;
Theſe god-like thoughts, while eager I purſue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an inſect of the meaneſt kind,
Eraze the new-born image of my mind.
Some beaſtly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning maſtiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute at much as he.
If on ſublimer things, of love and praiſe,
My ſoul above the ſtarry vault I raiſe,

Lur'd

Lur'd by ſome vain conceit, or ſhameful luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the duſt.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty ſtrain,
Stoops to an emmet or a barley grain.
By adverſe guſts of jarring inſtincts toſt,
I rove to one, now to the other coaſt.
To bliſs unknown, my lofty ſoul aſpires,
My lot uneaqual to my vaſt deſires.
As 'mongſt the hinds, a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conſcious worth;
So man, amongſt his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beaſts! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilſt man, thro' op'ning views of various ways,
Confounded by the aid of knowledge, ſtrays,
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.
Bilk'd by paſt minutes, while the preſent cloy,
The flattering future ſtill muſt give the joy.
Not happy, but ama'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtleſs of his laſt abode,
Whether next ſun his being ſhall reſtrain
To endleſs nothing, happineſs, or pain.
Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtleſs crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths purſue.
Of them I aſk the way; the firſt replies,
Thou art a God, and ſends me to the ſkies.
Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legg'd beaſt,
There fix thy lot, thy bliſs, and endleſs reſt;
Between theſe wide extremes the length is ſuch,
I find I know too little or too much.
" Almighty pow'r! by whoſe moſt wiſe command,
" Helpleſs, forlorn, uncertain here I ſtend;
" Take this faint glimm'ring of thyſelf away,
" Or, break into my ſoul with perfect day."
This ſaid, expanded lay the ſacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of ſouls perplex'd.

Thus

Thus the benighted traveller that ſtrays,
Thro' doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays,
The mighty miſt, and thick deſcending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
" O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray.
" I grope and gueſs no more, but ſee my way.
" Thou cleard'ſt the ſecret of my high deſcent,
" And told me what thoſe myſtic tokens meant,
" Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
" Too hard for worldly ſages to explain.
" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' ſchemes,
" Their ſyſtems falſe, deluſive were their dreams;
" Unſkill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
" One nurs'd by pleaſure, and one nurs'd by pride.
" Thoſe jarring truths, which human heart beguile,
" The ſacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no leſs thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and ſtill may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree:
Faultleſs thou dropp'd from his unerring ſkill,
With the bare power to ſin, ſince free of will;
Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,
For who hath power to walk, has power to rove:
Who act by force impell'd, can nought deſerve:
And wiſdem ſhort of infinite, may ſwerve,
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'ſt thy flight,
Left thy creator, and the realms of light;
Diſdain'd, his gentle precepts to fulfil,
And thought to grow a God by doing ill.
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd from happy manſions chac'd,
Thou ſtill retain'd ſome ſparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet reſtleſs to aſpire;
Angel enough to ſeek thy bliſs again,
And brute enough to make thy ſearch in vain,
The creatures now withdraw their kindly uſe,
Some fly thee, ſome torment, and ſome ſeduce;
Repaſt ill-ſuited to ſuch diff'rent gueſts,
For what thy ſenſe deſires, thy ſoul diſtaſtes;

Thy luſt, thy curioſity, thy pride,
Curb'd or deferr'd, or baulk'd or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbleſs'd:
In what thou want'ſt, and what thou haſt poſſeſs'd.
In vain thou hop'ſt for bliſs on this poor clod,
Return, and ſeek thy FATHER and thy GOD!
Yet think not to regain thy native ſky,
Borne on the wings of vain Philoſophy;
Myſterious paſſage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you'll ſink, and ſinking you will riſe.
Let humble thoughts thy wary footſteps guide,
Repair by meekneſs what you loſt by pride.

ARBUTHNOT.

LAW.

THERE is a particular knowledge ſuited to every ſtation in life, and it is the duty of individuals to become acquainted with it. There are alſo, ſome kinds of knowledge which are of a more general nature, and equally neceſſary in ſome degree or other to be underſtood by every man, among which may be reckoned a knowledge of the *Law* of the country we live in. From the power of which, as neither prince nor peaſant are exempt. So ought they to be known in a ſuitable degree, from the higheſt to the loweſt ſtation in life.

And as wilful ignorance of the Laws, either of God or man, is no excuſe for the breach of them, we cannot help recommending and admiring the following

following ſentiments of a learned and ingenious civilian on the ſtudy of the Laws of England.

"To demonſtrate the utility of ſome acquaintance with the Laws of the land, let us only reflect a moment on the ſingular frame and polity of that land, which is governed by this ſyſtem of Laws. A land, perhaps the only one in the univerſe, in which political or civil liberty is the very end and ſcope of the conſtitution.* This liberty, rightly underſtood, conſiſts in the power of doing whatever the Laws permit: † which is only to be effected by a general conformity of all orders and degrees to to thoſe equitable rule of action, by which the meaneſt individual is protected from the inſults and oppreſſions of the greateſt. As therefore every ſubject is intereſted in the preſervation of the Laws, it it is incumbent upon every man to be acquainted with thoſe, at leaſt, with which he is immediately concerned; leſt he incur the cenſure as well as inconvenience, of living in ſociety without knowing the obligations which it lays him under. And thus much may ſuffice for perſons of inferior condition, who have neither time nor capacity to enlarge their views beyond that contracted ſphere in which they are appointed to move. But thoſe

* Monteſquieu's Spirit of Laws. b. 11. c. 3.

† Facultas ejus, quod cuique facere libet, niſi quid vi aut jure prohibetur. Inſt. I. 3. 1.

thoſe, on whom nature and fortune have beſtowed more abilities and greater leizure, cannot be ſo eaſily excuſed. Theſe advantages are given them, not for the benefit of themſelves only, but alſo of the public: and yet they cannot in any ſcene of life, diſcharge properly their duty either to the public or themſelves, without ſome degree of knowledge in the Laws. To evince this the more clearly, it may not be amiſs to deſcend to a few particulars.

Let us therefore begin with our gentlemen of independent eſtates and fortune, the moſt uſeful as well as conſiderable body of men in the nation; whom even to ſuppoſe ignorant in this branch of learning is treated by Mr. *Locke* * as a ſtrange abſurdity. It is their landed property, with it's long and volumnous train of deſcents and conveyances, ſettlements, entails, and incumberences, that forms the moſt intricate and moſt extenſive object of legal knowledge. The thorough comprehenſion of theſe, in all their minute diſtinctions, is too laborious a taſk for any but a lawyer by profeſſion: Yet the underſtanding of a few leading principles, relating to eſtates and conveyancing, may form ſome check and guard upon a gentleman's inferior agents, and preſerve

* Education,

preſerve him at leaſt from very groſs and notorious impoſition.

Again, the policy of all Laws has made ſome forms neceſſary in the wording of laſt wills and teſtaments, and more with regard to their atteſtation. An ignorance in theſe muſt always be of dangerous conſequence, to ſuch as by choice or neceſſity compile their own teſtaments without any technical aſſiſtance. Thoſe who have attended the courts of juſtice are the beſt witneſſes of the confuſion and diſtreſſes that are hereby occaſioned in families; and of the difficulties that ariſe in diſcerning the true meaning of the teſtator, or ſometimes in diſcovering any meaning at all: So that in the end his eſtate may often be veſted quite contrary to theſe his enigmatical intentions, becauſe, perhaps, he has omitted one or two formal words, which are neceſſary, to aſcertain the ſenſe with indiſputable legal preciſion, or has executed his will in the preſence of fewer witneſſes than the Law requires.

But to proceed from private concerns to thoſe of a more public conſideration. All gentlemen of fortune are, in confequence of their proberty, liable to be called upon to eſtabliſh the rights, to eſtimate the injuries, to weigh the accuſations, and ſometimes to diſpoſe of the lives of their fellow ſubjects, by ſerving upon juries. In this ſituation they are frequently to dicide, and that upon their oaths,

queſtions

queſtions of nice importance, in the ſolution of which, ſome legal ſkill is requiſite; eſpecially where the Law and the fact, as it often happens, are intimately blended together. And the general incapacity even of our beſt juries, to do this with any tolerable propriety has greatly debaſed their authority; and has unavoidably thrown more power into the hands of the judges, to direct, control, and even reverſe their verdicts, than perhaps the conſtitution intended.

But it is not as a juror only that the Engliſh gentleman is called upon to determine queſtions of right, and diſtribute juſtice to his fellow ſubjects: It is principally with this order of men that the commiſſion of the peace is filled. And here a very ample field is opened for a gentleman to exert his talents, by maintaining good order in his neighbourhood; by puniſhing the diſſolute and idle; by protecting the peaceable and induſtrious; and above all, by healing petty differences, and preventing vexatious proſecutions. But, in order to attain theſe deſirable ends, it is neceſſary that the magiſtrate ſhould underſtand his buſineſs: and have not only the will but the power alſo, (under which muſt be included the knowledge) of adminiſtring legal and effectual juſtice. Elſe, when he has miſtaken his authority through paſſion, through ignorance, or abſurdity, he will be the object of

contempt

contempt from his inferiors, and of cenſure from thoſe to whom he is accountable for his conduct.

Yet further; moſt gentlemen of conſiderable property, at ſome period or other in their lives, are ambitious of repreſenting their country in parliament: and thoſe, who are ambitious of receiving ſo high a truſt, would alſo do well to remember it's nature and importance. They are not thus honourably diſtinguiſhed from their fellow ſubjects, merely that they may privilege their perſons, their eſtates, or their domeſtics; that they may liſt under party banners; may grant or withold ſupplies; may vote with or againſt a popular or unpopular adminiſtration; but upon conſiderations far more intereſting and important. They are the guardians of the Engliſh conſtitution; the makers, repealers, and interpreters of the Engliſh Laws; delegated to watch, to check, and to avert every dangerous innovation; to propoſe, to adopt, and to cheriſh any ſolid and well-weighed improvement; bound by every tie of nature, of honour, and of religion, to tranſmit that conſtitution and thoſe Laws to poſterity, amended if poſſible, at leaſt without any derogation. And how unbecoming muſt it appear in a member of the legiſlature to vote for a new Law, who is utterly ignorant of the old! what kind of interpretation can he be enabled to give, who

is a ſtranger to the Text upon which he comments.

What is ſaid of our gentlemen in general, and the propriety of their application to the ſtudy of the Laws of their Country, will hold equally ſtrong, or ſtill ſtronger, with regard to the nobility of this realm, except only in the Article of ſerving upon juries. But, inſtead of this, they have ſeveral peculiar provinces of far greater conſequence and concern, being not only by birth hereditary counſellors of the crown, and judges upon their honour of the lives of their brother peers, but alſo arbiters of the property of their fellow ſubjects, and that in the laſt reſort. Their ſentence is final, deciſive, irrevocable; no appeal, no correction, not even a review can be had; and to their determination, whatever it be, the inferior courts of Juſtice muſt conform; otherwiſe the rule of property would be no longer uniform and ſteady.

Nor will ſome degree of legal knowledge be found in the leaſt ſuperfluous to the clergy. They, beſides the common obligations they are under in proportion to their rank and fortune, have alſo abundant reaſon, conſidered merely as clergymen, to be acquainted with many branches of the Law, which are almoſt peculiarly and appropriated to themſelves alone. Such are the Laws relating to advowſons, inſtitutions, and inductions; to ſimony

and

and ſimonical contracts; to uniformity, reſidence, and pluralities; to tythes and other eccleſiaſtical dues; to marriages (more eſpecially of late) and to a variety of more ſubjects, which are conſigned to the care of their order by the proviſions of particular ſtatutes. To underſtand theſe aright, to diſcern what is warranted or enjoined, and what is forbidden by Law, demands a ſort of legal apprehenſion; which is no otherwiſe to be acquired than by uſe, and a familiar acquaintance with legal writers.

See, an introductory lecture to the ſtudy of the Law, by *William Blackſtone*, Eſq; D. C. L. and vinerian profeſſor of the Laws of England in the the Univerſity of Oxford.

It is a ſingular mercy to live under good Laws which protect the innocent from injury; for Laws are hedges about our lives, liberties, eſtates and all the comforts we enjoy in this world.

The Emperor *Juſtinian* ſaid, that he acknowledged himſelf ſubject to the Laws; a confeſſion worthy of the greateſt monarch.

Ageſilus replied to his father, who demanded of him what was unjuſt, "I have learnt from you to obey "the Gods, and obſerve the Laws; and therefore "I obey you in not doing what you aſk."

LIFE.

WHOSOEVER would be wiſe, and conſequently happy, muſt raze out of his mind, all thoſe falſe miſtaken notions that have been imprinting there from his infancy; and endeavour to expel that pernicious infection of error, which it has been ſo long hatching from erronious cuſtoms and examples, and, which will prove fatal to it, if too long neglected. Among ten thouſand other things, of which we have miſtaken notions, I will make choice of thoſe of *Life* and *Death* for my preſent conſideration: how charmingly deſirable does our fancy paint the one, and with what dreadful deformity does it diſguiſe the other? And how uneaſy are theſe wrong conceptions apt to make us, by fixing our affections upon that of them, which we muſt not long enjoy, and raiſing our averſion to the other which we cannot poſſibly avoid? Our great buſineſs then, in order to make our lives ſerene and happy, is, to remove our affections from the one, and averſion from the other; and to compaſs this, we muſt deface theſe images of them both, which our deluding fancies have drawn upon our mind, and ſet ourſelves diligently to tracing out new lines, and more reſembling features. And

firſt,

firſt, to conſider that gaudy blaze of life that appears ſo fair, and ſhines ſo bright, which is almoſt extinguiſhed as ſoon as kindled, and by its ſpeedy decay, becomes contemptible, let us paint it binding and fettering the ſoul, and detaining it in a dark uncomfortable priſon, darkened by ignorance, and made uncomfortable by folly; and let death be drawn in his natural ſhape, as the friend and deliverer of the ſoul, approaching to releaſe it from this hated confinement, and to put it into the poſſeſſion of that deſirable liberty, after which it had ſo long been languiſhing. What we improperly call Life is no more of it than that which a child has in the womb, who can't properly be ſaid to enter into Life till it is born, and the midwife is thought to do it no unkind office in bringing it into the world; why then ſhould we think death our enemy, for doing the ſame friendly office to the ſoul, which cannot truly be ſaid to enter into Life till it enters into eternity, ſince that only is worthy to be called Life which is eternal, and to which it can only attain by the aſſiſtance of death? Then thoſe glimmering ſparks of Life it had here below, will be kindled into a glorious unextinguiſhable flame, inſtead of thoſe faint rays of pleaſure which it pleaſed the great and good God to make ſhine here upon it, by means of faith and virtue, eternal ſtreams of joy and brightneſs ſhall then flow in upon it,

it, from the incomprehenſible glories of his divine preſence. *How.*

Would we be but truly ambitious of deſerving, after our exit from off the ſtage of this world, that conciſe yet comprehenſive inſcription, "In me-"mory of a Sincere Chriſtian;" in this Life all the happineſs ſuitable to our ſtate would be ſecured and (what is of infinitely greater conſequence) beatitude inutterable for evermore. For, whatſoever things are pure; whatſoever things are lovely; whatſoever things are of good report; are they not included in that grand and noble aggregate, a ſincere Chriſtian?

Vide Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

We ought to ſpend the remainder of our Life, as if it were more than we expected, and lent us on purpoſe for wiſer management.

We ſhould continually ſay with Job, "are not "my days few," and endeavour to imprint on our minds this ſentence of David, "The Lord hath "made my days as an hand's breadth, mine age is "as nothing before him;" or that of Moſes, "The "beſt of our days are but labour and ſorrow, for "they are ſoon cut off, and we fly away."

LIBER-

LIBERALITY.

THE moſt acceptable thing in the world is a *diſcreet* Liberality, and the reputation of it muſt needs be great, when the goodneſs of every man in power is the common ſanctuary of mankind.

He that gives to all without *diſcretion*, will ſoon ſtand in need of every one's aſſiſtance.

Liberality does not conſiſt ſo much in giving largely, as in giving *ſeaſonably*.

He is not to be eſteemed liberal who does, as it were, pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it or keep it; but he that diſpoſes of it with diſcretion and reaſon, that proportions his bounty to his ability, chooſes his objects according to their neceſſities, and confers his bounties when they can do moſt good.

LIBERTINES.

THE *Libertines* that would paſs for ſtrong heads, becauſe they oppoſe the moſt ſolid truths of Faith, are, according to St. *Auſtin*, nothing but madmen: This ſtrength doth not proceed from ſound health, but from folly and madneſs; for there

there is nothing ſtronger than madmen; they have more ſtrength than perſons in ſound health, but the ſtronger they are, the more dangerous their Condition.

How excellent is the reflection which the ſame author makes upon thoſe words of the wicked, *Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.*

What do you ſay? Repeat what you juſt ſaid, *Let us eat and drink*, ſay you? but what did you ſay after, *For to-morrow we die?* You have frightened me, Yea, by theſe laſt words, you are ſo far from making me be of your opinion. that you make me againſt you; you only terrify me. You ſaid, *For to-morrow we die*, and you ſaid before, *Let us eat and drink.* This is not juſt reaſoning; but I will tell you what you ought to ſay, according to the rules of good ſenſe, *Let us faſt and pray, for to-morrow we die.*

And how agreeably does he confound thoſe men of the world, which will *believe* nothing but what they *ſee?*

I do not *ſee*, ſays a Libertine, how can I *believe?* Is your ſoul viſible? anſwers the ſaint. Since then only your body is ſeen, why does not ſomebody bury you? This anſwer aſtoniſhes him, and he preſently replies, You very well know that I am not dead, and that I yet live. But how do I know that you are alive, while I do not ſee your ſoul? You know

know it, (you anſwer me) becauſe I ſpeak, becauſe I walk, becauſe I eat.

O! fool, you would have me own that you are alive by the actions of your body, and you will not acknowledge the *Creator* by the actions of the *creature*.

Arnobius ſays, that good ſenſe would make a man embrace *Chriſtianity*, where there is every thing to be hoped by receiving it, every thing to be feared by rejecting it; and he adds this argument to convince an *Infidel* and *Libertine*.

As the things to come are of ſuch a nature as they cannot be made preſent by any anticipation of time, is it not more conformable to ſenſe and right reaſon, of two uncertain things, whoſe expectation is doubtful, rather to believe that which gives us hope of ſome good, than that which leaves us none at all? For we are not expoſed to any peril, we have no damage to fear, if what is promiſed us may fail and do not come to paſs; whereas it would be the greateſt of ills, and the greateſt of loſſes, for us to diſcover by time, that what was taught us proves not to be a fable or a lie.

Arnobius then cries out, with as much delicacy as zeal, addreſſing himſelf to opiniated Libertines; what do you ſay, who deſerve our compaſſion and tears; What! are not you afraid that the things that give you occaſion to laugh, and which you

only deſpiſe, ſhould perhaps prove true and real? Doth it not at leaſt come into you mind, or rather do you not doubt a little, that you ſhall one day know too late, what you now with ſo much malice and obſtinacy refuſe to believe; and that a uſeleſs repentance will be the puniſhment that you will eternally ſuffer for not believing?

Minutius Felix, ſays of Libertines, that appear rich in goods and honours; poor wretches! they are only raiſed on high to fall the lower; theſe are victims that are fattened and crowned to have their throats cut.

LOVE.

PLATO, in his fable of the birth of *Love*, eſteemed one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity ſays, Love is the ſon of the goddeſs *Poverty*, and the god of *Riches*? he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building caſtles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and affectation of preference and diſtinction. From his *mother*, he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours, that importunity, with which he begs, his flattery his ſervility, and his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him.

Where

Where Love is, there is no labour; and if there is labour, the labour is loved.

'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws;
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind
That binds our peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all our paſſions into Love;
Where friendſhip full exerts his ſofteſt power;
Perfect eſteem and ſympathy of ſoul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but Love
Can anſwer Love, and render bliſs ſecure.

THOMSON.

There is no *paſſion* that more excites us to every thing that is noble and generous than *virtuous Love.*

LOVE *of* GOD.

THE three great ſprings of Love to God are theſe, *a clear diſcovery of what God is in himſelf; a lively ſenſe of what he has done for us*; And *a well grounded hope of what he will beſtow upon us.*

Where the Love of God reigns in the affections, it will command all the other powers of nature, and all the reſt of the paſſions to act ſuitably to this ſovereign ruling affectionof Love: The *eye* will often look up to God in the way of faith and humble dependance: The *ear* will be attentive to his holy

word: The *hand* will be lifted up to heaven in daily requeſts: The *knees* will be bent in humble worſhip: All the outward powers will be buſy in doing the will of God, and promoting his glory; "He that "loves God will keep his commandments," and fulfil every preſent duty with delight: He will endeavour to pleaſe God in all his actions, and watch againſt and avoid whatſoever may offend him. And while the ſeveral outward powers are thus engaged, all the inward affections of nature will be employed in correſpondent exerciſes. Supreme Love will govern all the active train of human paſſions, and lead them captive to chearful obedience

How vain are all their pretences to love God who know little or nothing of him, who are neither aquainted with the glorious perfections of his nature, nor with the wonderous diſcoveries of his grace! Love muſt be founded in knowledge. How vain are their pretences to love God with all their heart, and in a ſupreme degree, who never ſaw him to be a being of tranſcendent worth, of ſurpaſſing excellency, and capable of making them for ever happy; who value their corn, and their wine, and their oil, their buſineſs; their riches, or their diverſions more than God and his Love!

How ſenſeleſs and abſurd is the pretence to love God above all things, if we do not reſolve to live upon

upon him as our hope and happineſs; if we do not chuſe him to be our God and our all, our chief and all-ſufficient portion in this world, and that to come! Where the idea of God, as a Being of ſupreme excellence doth not reign in the *mind*, where the *will* is not determined and fixed on Him as our ſupreme good, men are ſtrangers to this ſacred and divine affection of Love. Till this be done, we cannot be ſaid to love God with all our heart.

How neceſſary and uſeful a practice therefore it is for a *Chriſtian* to meditate often on the tranſcendent perfections and worth of the bleſſed God, to ſurvey his attributes, and his grace in Chriſt Jeſus, to keep in mind a conſtant idea of his ſupreme excellence, and frequently to repeat and confirm the choice of Him as our higheſt hope, our portion, and our everlaſting good! This will keep the Love of God warm at heart, and maintain the divine affection in its primitive life and vigour.

But if our idea of the adorable and ſupreme excellence of God, grow faint and feeble, and ſink lower in the mind; if we loſe the ſight of his amiable glories, the ſence of his amazing Love in the goſpel, his rich promiſes and his alluring grace, if we ſhall abate the fervency of this ſacred paſſion, our Love to God will grow cold

cold by degrees, and ſuffer great and guilty decays.

* *Watts* on the Love of God.

The

* The little treatiſe from which the above ſentements are taken, is thus ſpoken of by Doctor STONAHOUSE, in the 8th edition, 55, of his Friendly Advice to a Patient, at the latter end of which he has alſo given ſome ſhort remarks on a few of the moſt inſtructive and religious writers.

"This is a pathetic addreſs to the heart, which I could wiſh in the hands of perſons of almoſt every rank; for upon the whole I ſcarcely know a more important book; as it ſhews the right *uſe*, as well as *abuſe* of the paſſions in matters of religion, and points out the *happy medium* between the rapturous flights, and even indecent expreſſions of enthuſiaſts, on one hand, and the dry reaſoning and cool addreſſes of the lukewarm on the other. The extravagant ſallies, wild tranſports, and heated imaginations of the former, will, often in the judgment of the latter, ſeem nearly approaching to madneſs, and be ridiculed as ſuch.——So far as they are exceſſive and irrational they are unqueſtionably blameable, and moſt carefully to be avoided: yet grateful acknowledgments and the humble approaches of a dependant rational Being to an Omnipotent Creator, and infinitely benevolent Benefactor, demand a far different affections and expreſſions from thoſe, with which we purſue a mechanical improvement, or demonſtrate a mathematical propoſition.——We are to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our ſtrength, but the expreſſions of this love where it is equally ſincere will yet be different in different conſtitutions. ——Prayer, according to my apprehenſion, may not improperly be defined an addreſs to Heaven, enlivened with ſuch degrees of fervour and intenſeneſs as our natural temper influenced by a *true ſenſe* of God, and his attributes, may produce."

Excellent inſtructions too will be found in this treatiſe, to guard againſt the miſtakes of enthuſiaſm, or lukewarmneſs. A ſtriking meditation of the author's, upon the argument of each diſcourſe, ſhews the practical uſes of the ſeveral propoſitions which he maintains and directs the reader to uſe his own paſſions as a ſpur to quicken his progreſs in the Chriſtian Life.

——The

The following thought of a pious author upon the Love that God requires of us is perfectly beautiful.

What thanks do we owe to God, ſays he, who though we are ſo much indebted to him, demands only our Love, to pay off all our debts, or rather forgives us all our debts upon this conſideration? Doth he not ſhew us, by placing the precept of Love above all others, how, poor and inſolvent as we are, we may clear ourſelves of all that we owe him?

Let not man excuſe himſelf upon the difficulty of paying him, becauſe no man can ſay that he has not a heart: No ſacrifices, no preſents, nor any painful labour is required of us: we have in ourſelves enough to ſatisfy him, for we are maſters of our own Love; give that to the Lord, and we are quit. I ſay more, in paying thus for favours that he hath done us, he will do us more, and of our creditor he will become our debtor.

And St. *Auſtin* perfectly explains in what pure Love conſiſts. The Love of a Chriſtian ſoul, ſays he

—The following quotation will ſhew the regard which the great BOERHAAVE paid to treatiſes on this important ſubject. "His time was *wholly* "taken up in viſiting the ſick, ſearching into every part of medicine with "the utmoſt diligence, reading the ſcriptures, and eſpecially thoſe authors, "who place the *Love of God* and its conſequential duties in the cleareſt "light."

he, is not pure, if it ſerves God for intereſt! What then! ſhall our ſervices go without reward? No, without doubt, but we ſhall have God himſelf, whom we ſerved, for a reward; he will be the pay of our labours, becauſe we ſhall ſee him ſuch as he is. What does our Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſay to his diſciples? "He that loves me keeps my commandments; he that loves me will my father love, and I will love him alſo." And what will he give them then? "And I will manifeſt myſelf to him." If you do not love at all, it is nothing; if you love, if you ſigh after your God, if you ſerve him without intereſt, that is all that your heart can deſire: Look after nothing beſides him, he has enough to ſatisfy you; however covetous you are, a God is enough for you: Avarice aſpires after the poſſeſſion of all the earth and heaven too; but is not he who made Heaven and Earth, of more value than both put together?

How elegant and noble is the following pious ſentiment wrote in a letter to a friend.

"Let the orators adorn themſelves with their elo-
"quence, the philoſophers with their wiſdom, the
"the rich with their treaſures, kings with their
"power and grandeur; Chriſt is to us a rich poſ-
"ſeſſion, and a glorious kingdom: We find wiſ-
"dom in the folly of the goſpel, ſtrength in the
"weakneſs of the fleſh, glory in the ſhame of the
"croſs."

'Tis

'Tis becauſe God loved us, that we ought to love him, and eſteem all his attributes valuable and precious to us: His wiſdom contrives proper meaſures for our happineſs; his omnipotence executes them without impediment; and his ſupreme Majeſty renders his love infinitely eſtimable.

LOVE *of* CHILDREN.

LOVE not your Children unequally; or if you do, ſhew it not, leſt you make the one proud, and the other envious, and *both* fools. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of a tender parent to help the weakeſt. That trial is not fair, where affection ſits judge.

LOVE *of our* NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE your Neighbour for God's ſake, and God for your own ſake, who created all things for your ſake, and redeemed you for his mercy's ſake. If your Love hath any other motive, it is falſe Love; if your motive hath any other end, it is ſelf-love.

If you neglect your Love to your neighbour, in vain you profeſs your Love to God; for by your

Love to God, your Love to your Neighbour is acquired; and by your Love to your Neighbour, your Love to God is nouriſhed.

LUXURY.

IF we did but duly weigh and examine the dignity and excellency of nature, we ſhould quickly find how ſhameful a thing it is to degenerate into a luxurious ſoftneſs and delicacy; and, on the contrary, how becoming it is to live frugally, temperately, gravely and ſoberly.

Extravagance and inſenſuallity brought *Pericles*, *Callias* the ſon of *Hypponicus*, and *Nicias*, not only to neceſſity but to extreme poverty; and when all their ſubſtance was exhauſted, they then drank to each other in a *bowl of poiſon*, and thus miſerably ended their days. This is one of the many lamentable inſtances which may be given of the fatal effects of extravagance and ſenſuality.

LYING.

TRUTH is not only a man's ornament but his inſtrument; it is the *great* man's glory, and the

poor man's ſtock; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.

Dr. *Whichot*'s Aphor.

All men muſt acknowledge Lying to be one of the moſt ſcandalous ſins that can be committed between man and man; a crime of a deep dye, and of an extenſive nature, leading into innumerable ſins; for *Lying* is practiſed to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, deſtroy, and the like; Lying in this ſenſe is the concealing of all other crimes, the ſheep's cloathing upon the wolf's back, the Phariſee's prayer, the harlot's bluſh, the hypocrite's paint, the murderers's ſmile, the thief's cloak, and Judas's kiſs; in a word, it is mankinds darling ſin, and the Devil's diſtinguiſhed characteriſtick.

Lying is a ſin deſtructive to ſociety; for there is no *trade* where there is no *truſt*, and no *truſt* where there is no *truth*; and yet this curſed trade of Lying creeps into all trades, as if there was no living (as one ſpeaks) without Lying: But ſure it is, we had better be *loſers than Lyars*, for he ſells a dear bargain indeed that ſells his conſcience with his commodity.

A righteous man hateth Lying. Prov. xiii. 5. And St. *Jerome* furniſhes us in an ingenious manner with a ſtriking inſtance of this truth, in the hiſtory of an innocent woman, who being accuſed of adultery,

was cruelly tortured, and broke ſeven times without dying. He ſays,

As ſhe had her hands tied behind her, and could not lift them up to heaven, ſhe lifted up her eyes thither, which the executioner could not bind, and ſaid, with her face all bathed in tears, "You "are my witneſs, my Lord Jeſus, you to whom no-"thing is hid, who ſound the bottom of the heart, "that it is not to ſave my life that I deny the crime "that I am charged with, but not to ſin by *tel-*"*ling a lie.*

MAN.

AS *Mortals*, let us eſteem ourſelves not as we *are*, but as we are *eſteemed*; as *Chriſtians*; let us eſteem ourſelves as we *are*, not as we are *eſteemed*. The price in both riſes and falls as the market goes; the market of *mortals* is wild opinion, the market of *Chriſtians* is a good conſcience.

What ſignifies to Man, that he from heav'n
His ſoul derives, that with erected front
He walks ſublime, and views the ſtarry ſkies,
If like the brutes irrational he acts?

'Tis neceſſary, ſays Mr. *How* in his Meditations, to be wiſe, in order to love wiſdom, to be good that

that we may love mercy; and to be charitable that we may love bounty: For if theſe things be wanting in us, how can we love God, and adore him as we ought to do, for thoſe lovely attributes? On the contrary, it is as neceſſary to be temperate, that we may hate intemperance; to be juſt, that we may hate injuſtneſs; to be humble, that we may hate pride; otherwiſe how can we hate vice which is ſo odious to God. *How.*

God requires of Man a heart conformable to the divine will, and actions void of offence.

It is not health, nobility, or riches, that can juſtify a wicked Man; nor is it the want of theſe that can diſcredit a good one.

Unto how many infirmities is the body of Man expoſed? With what imaginations is he afflicted and deceived? With how many labours and toils does he daily wreſtle? With what thoughts and apprehenſions does he torment himſelf? What dangers of ſoul and body does he run into? What fopperies is he forced to behold? What injuries to ſuffer? What neceſſities and afflictions? Nay, ſuch is our whole life, that it ſeemed unto St. *Barnard* little leſs evil than that of hell, but only the hope we have of heaven. Our infancy is full of ignorance and fears; our youth of ſins; our age of ſorrow; and the whole of dangers. The moon hath every month her changes, but the life of Man hath them every

every day and every hour; yet the hope of bleſſed eternity more than recompences them all.

MAN

By Creation, Degeneration, and Regeneration.

MAN by *Creation*, was of one conſtant uniform frame and tenour of ſpirit, held one ſtrait and even courſe; not one thought or faculty ravelled or diſordered: His mind had a perfect illumination to underſtand and know the will of God; his will a perfect compliance therewith; his ſenſitive appetite, and other inferior powers, ſtood in a moſt obedient ſubordination.

Man by *Degeneration*, is become a moſt diſordered and rebellious creature, conteſting with and oppoſing his Maker as the *firſt cauſe*, by ſelf-dependence; as the *chiefeſt good*, by ſelf-love; as the *higheſt Lord*, by ſelf-will; and as the *laſt end*, by ſelf-ſeeking; and ſo is quite diſordered and all his acts irregular: His illuminated underſtanding is clouded with ignorance; his complying will, full of rebellion and ſtubbornneſs; his ſubordinate powers caſting off the dominion and government of the ſuperior faculties.

But

But by *Regeneration* this diſordered ſoul is ſet right again; in which *ſelf-dependence*, is removed by faith; *ſelf-love*, by the love of God; *ſelf-will*, by ſubjection and obedience to the will of God; and *ſelf-ſeeking*, by ſelf-denial. The darkened underſtanding is again illuminated, Epheſ. i. 8. The refractory will ſweetly ſubdue. Pſal. cx. 3. The rebellious appetite, or concupiſcence, gradually conquered, Rom. vi. And thus the ſoul which ſin had univerſally depraved, is again by grace reſtored and rectified.

MAN,

With reſpect to GOD's Care of him.

THERE is an active vigilant providence that ſuperintends every creature upon earth: There is not the moſt deſcipable diminutive creature that lives in the world, left without the line of providence. God is therefore ſaid "to give them meat "in due ſeaſon, and for that end they all wait upon "him." Pſalm civ. 27. As a great and provident houſe-keeper orders daily convenient proviſions for all his family, even to the leaſt and loweſt amongſt them. The ſmalleſt inſects and gnats which ſwarm

ſo

ſo thick in the air, and of the uſefulneſs of whoſe being it is hard to give an account, yet, theſe all find nouriſhment in the world, and are again convenient nouriſhment themſelves to others that prey upon them.

But Man is the peculiar care of God, and the ſoul of Man much more than the body. Hence Chriſt fortifies the faith of Chriſtians againſt all diſtruſts of divine Providence, even from their excellency above all other creatures, Matt x. 31. *Ye are of more value than many ſparrows*; and Matt. vi. 26. Your Heavenly Father feeds the fowls of the air, *and are you not much better than they?* And ver 30. He cloaths the graſs of the field, *and ſhall he not much more cloath you?* And ſo the Apoſtle, the firſt of Cor. ix 9. "Doth God take care for oxen? "Or ſaith he it altogether for our ſakes? for "our ſakes no doubt this is written." In all which places is ſhewn the dignity of Man, above all *animals* and *vegetables* in reſpect of the natural excellency of his reaſonable ſoul, but eſpecially the gracious endowments of it, which endear it far more to its Maker. Therefore Man may comfort himſelf, and reſt aſſured, that though he might fall into heavy preſſures and the deepeſt diſtreſſes either of ſoul or body, his merciful creator will not fail to relieve, ſupport, revive, and deliver him, when he ſees it fitteſt for him, if he continually looks unto him.

To

To annimate our affiance in the Supreme Being, let us but call to mind his unparallelled love to mankind in Chriſt Jeſus. "He who ſpared not his own "ſon, but delivered him up for us all, how ſhall "he not with him freely give us all things?" Let us but repreſent to our minds God's goodneſs in a dying Saviour, thus finely deſcribed by Sir *Richard Steele*, and our hearts will immediately glow with love, gratitude, and dependence in a degree not to be expreſſed.

"Who is that yonder buffetted, mocked, and ſpurn'd? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour and my God? And will he die to expiate thoſe very injuries? See where they have nail'd the Lord and Giver of Life! How his wounds blacken! His body writhes, and heart heaves with pity, and with agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his ſacred boſom! Hark he groans, ſee he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burſt, the dead ariſe; which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator."

Chriſtian Hero.

Let us then continually look up to this merciful God and Saviour, who thus died for our ſins, roſe

again for our juſtification, and is now ſat down triumphant on the right hand of the Father, making interceſſion for us. Let us make him our delight, ſaying conſtantly in our hearts with the Royal Pſalmiſt, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and "there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee." Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

Oh Man, degenerate Man! offend no more!
Go learn from brutes, thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe thro' ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,
Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when ſovereign Goodneſs charmes the eyes!
Mark, even the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares,——his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recall the fugitive with gracious eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs——amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!

DEITY, a POEM.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a ſtate and condition, upon which the happineſs or miſery of life does very much depend; more indeed than moſt people

people think beforehand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking and eſteem, muſt certainly be a moſt uneaſy ſtate: There had need be a great many good qualities to, reconcile a conſtant converſation to one, where there is ſome ſhare of kindneſs and affection; but without *Love* the very beſt of all good qualities will never make a conſtant *converſation*, eaſy and delightful. And whence proceed thoſe endleſs and innumerable domeſtick miſeries, that plague and confound ſo many families, but from want of love and kindneſs in the wife or huſband: From thence comes their neglect, and careleſs management of affairs at home, and their profuſe extravagant expences made abroad. In a word it is not eaſy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that ariſe, abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And ſince this is ſo certain, a man or woman runs the moſt fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themſelves, and without good aſſurance of it in the other. And ſince it is impoſſible for any one to love with another's affections, but with their own, the parents muſt conſider this eſpecially, how they engage their children to marry, where, at the leaſt, a hopeful proſpect of this love doth not appear; leſt whilſt they are endeavouring to make their children happy, they make them, of all creatures,

creatures, the moſt miſerable, and make them irremediably ſo.

Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee,
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
The mind annihilates and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it ſays,
Like any Lord it promiſes and——pays.
How will the miſer ſtartle to be told
Of ſuch a wonder as *inſolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* as an intrinſick weight;
All *more*, is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which for one moment, charms the fickle view,
It charms us *now*, *anon* we caſt anew,
To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

If your fancy and judgment have agreed in the choice of a fit perſon for your wife, love ſo, that you may be feared; rule ſo, that you may be honoured; be not too diffident, leſt you teach her to deceive you; nor too ſuſpicious, leſt you teach her to abuſe you: If you ſee a fault, let your love hide it; if ſhe continues in it, let your wiſdom reprove it: Reprove her not openly, leſt ſhe grow bold; rebuke her not tauntingly, leſt ſhe grow ſpiteful: Proclaim not her beauty, leſt ſhe grow proud; boaſt not of her wiſdom, leſt you be thought fooliſh: Let her not ſee your imperfections, leſt ſhe diſdain you; profane not her ears with looſe communication, leſt you defile the ſanctuary of her modeſty;

modeſty; An underſtanding huſband makes a diſcreet wife, and ſhe a happy huſband.

Let your love adviſe before you chooſe, and your choice fixed before you marry: Remember the happineſs or miſery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can diſſolve the knot; he that weds in haſte, repents oftentimes by leaſure.

A ſingle life is doubtleſs preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not occompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terreſtrial happineſs equal to the married ſtate.

In the choice of a wife (ſay the Spaniards) we ought to make uſe of our ears and not of our eyes.

Whatſoever jars happen after Marriage, they ought never to break the moſt ſacred bands.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact an harmony betwixt a married couple; it is a ſtep of ſuch weight, as calls for all our foreſight and penetration; and eſpecially the temper and education muſt be attended to. In unequal matches, the men are more in fault than women, who can ſeldom be chooſers.

Many people marry firſt, and have to learn afterwards the duty of a married ſtate, and the comforts and inconveniences that attend it; and it is not uncommon to meet with perſons whoſe depraved judg-

ments

ments encourage them to think it immaterial, whether or not love proceeds tying the matrimonial knot, looking upon it as a matter of future expectation.

The following lines of *Milton* are very fine upon this ſubject.

Hail wedded love! myſterious law! true ſource
Of human offſpring! ſole proprietor
In Paradiſe, of all things common elſe!
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driven from man
Among the beſtial herbs to rangs. By thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firſt were known!
Perpetual fountain of domeſtick ſweets!
Here love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings.
Here reigns and revels, not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition. Nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
And ſerenade, which the ſtarved lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

MEDIOCRITY.

HAPPY are they who limit their deſires, and chooſe the golden mean between too much

and

and too little, saying, with Agur in the Proverbs, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me "with food convenient for me: lest I be full and "deny thee, and say who is the Lord? Or lest I be "poor and steal, and take the name of my God in "vain."

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue Heav'n still from me remove,
The humble blessings of the life I love.

COWLEY.

The following is a Paraphrase of Lord *Landsdown*, upon the same passage.

Place me ye Powers! in some obsure retreat;
O keep me innocent! make others great!
In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life, remote from guilty courts,
Where free from hopes, or fears, in humble ease,
Unheard of I may live, and die in peace!
Happy the man who thus retir'd from sight
Studies himself, and seeks no other light.
But most unhappy he, who sits on high
Expos'd to every tongue, and every eye:
Whose follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a secret to himself alone;
Worse is an evil fame, much worse than none.

MERIT

MERIT.

HOW many men of extraordinary parts and Merit have died unknown? How many are there ſtill at this time who live unknown, and who will never be taken any notice of?

Nature produces Merit: virtue carries it to perfection; and fortune gives it the power of acting.

True Merit is not afraid of being effaced by that of others.

We judge of the Merit of men, by the uſefulneſs of their actions. And there are a great many men valued in the world, who have no other Merit than vices profitable to commerce and ſociety.

The more true Merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

Real Merit gains a man the eſteem of good men; but it is only fate and chance that gains him that of the multitude.

So much has chance the caſting voice in the diſpoſal of all the great things of the world, that, that which men call *Merit* is a mere nothing, for even when perſons of the greateſt worth and Merit are preferred, it is not their Merit but their fortune that prefers them; and as for that ſo much admired

thing

thing called *Policy*, it is very little better; for when men have buſied themſelves, and racked their brains never ſo much, the whole reſult both of their councils and their fortunes is ſtill at the mercy of an accident; and therefore whoever it was that ſaid, he had rather have a grain of fortune than a pound of wiſdom, (as to the things of this life) ſpoke nothing but the voice of wiſdom and great experience.

Endeavours bear a value more or leſs,
Juſt as they're recommended by ſucceſs.
The lucky coxcomb every man does prize,
And proſperous actions always paſs for wiſe.

MISFORTUNE.

SINCE Misfortunes cannot be avoided, let them be generouſly borne; it is not for any ſort of men to expect an exemption from the common lot of mankind; and no perſon is truly great, but he that keeps up the ſame dignity of mind in all conditions.

It is time enough to bear a Misfortune when it comes, without anticipating it; for why ſhould we torment ourſelves with what may fall out, perhaps, twenty years hence, or never.

There is no people ſo miſerable, but that at ſome time or other, in ſome reſpect or other, they have reaſon to account themſelves happy. And if they would but duly conſider how it is with many of their neighbours, they would find it their duty to be thankful, that it is no worſe with themſelves; for it is ſome relief to the unfortunate to ſhew them that there are others yet more miſerable.

It is a comfort to the miſerable to have companions in their ſad ſtate, this may ſeem to be a kind of malicious ſatisfaction, that one man derives from the misfortunes of another, but the philoſophy of this reflection ſtands upon another foundation? for our comfort does not ariſe from others being miſerable, but from this inference upon the balance, that we ſuffer only the lot of human nature, and as we are happy or miſerable compared with others, ſo others are miſerable or happy compared with us: By which juſtice of Providence, we come to be convinced of the ſin, and the miſtake of our ingratitude.

It is a noble ſaying, "That there cannot be a "more unhappy man in the world, than he who "has never experienced adverſity." There is nothing, perhaps, in which mankind are more apt to make falſe calculations, than in the article both of their own happineſs and that of others; as there are

few

few, I believe, who have lived any time in the world, but have found frequent occaſion to ſay with the poor hunted ſtag in the fable, who was entangled by thoſe horns he had but juſt before been admiring.

O me infelicem! qui nunc denum intelligo,
Ut illa mihi profuerint quæ deſpexeram,
Et quæ laudoram quantum leſtus habuerint.

PHÆD.

We ſhould manage ourſelves with regard to our *fortune*, as we do with regard to our *health*; when good, enjoy and make the beſt of it; when ill, bear it patiently, and never take ſtrong *phyſic*, without an abſolute neceſſity.

In any adverſity that happens to us in the world, we ought to conſider, that miſery and affliction are not leſs natural than ſnow and hail, ſtorm and tempeſt: And it were as reaſonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble. Life how ſweet ſoever it ſeems, is a draught mingled with bitter ingredients; ſome drink deeper than others before they come at them: But, if they do not ſwim at the top for youth to taſte them, it is ten to one but old age will find them thick in the bottom. And it is the employment of faith and patience, and the work of wiſdom and virtue, to teach us to

drink the ſweet parts down with pleaſure and thankfulneſs, and to ſwallow the bitter without reluctance. *How.*

We generally fancy ourſelves more miſerable than we are, for want of taking a true eſtimate of things; wherefore we fly into tranſports without reaſon, and judge of the happineſs or calamity of human life, by falſe lights: A ſtrict inquiry into the truth of matters will help us in the one, and compariſon will ſet us right in the other.

The whimſicalneſs and uncertainty of what ſome men call fortune, is finely ſhewn in the following paraphraſe of the Duke of Buckingham, upon theſe lines.

Laudo manentem: Si celeres quatit
Pennas, reſigno quæ dedit. et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem ſine dote quæro.

Hor. Lib. iii. Ode 29.

Fortune made up of toys and impudence,
That common jade, that has not common ſenſe;
But fond of buſineſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoils the world's affairs.
She ſhuffling up and down, her favours throws
On the next met, nor minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom, ſhe helps or injures knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves but fools or knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to woo her;
While ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil to her.

But

But if ſhe offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw things,
And arm'd with virtue will more glorious ſtand,
Than if the Jilt ſtill bow'd at my command.
I'll marry Honeſty, tho' e'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind Whore,

There is no accident ſo exquiſitely *unfortunate*, but wiſe men will make ſome advantage of it; nor any ſo entirely *fortunate*, but fools may turn to their own prejudice.

One advantage gained by calamities, is to know how to ſympathiſe with others in like troubles.

It is often found that to be arm'd againſt calamities with a tranquil mind, is either a ſure way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the ſeaſon of their arrival; and if there was nothing elſe in it but the rendering them the more tolerable when they happen, it would be prudent to try the experiment.

MORTALITY.

COULD we draw back the covering of the tomb; could we ſee, what thoſe are now, who once where mortals, oh! how would it ſurprize and grieve us! *ſurprize* us, to behold the prodigious

ous transformation, that has taken place on every individual; *grieve* us, to obſerves the diſhonor done to our nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous lodgments.

Here, the ſweet and winning *aſpect*, that wore perpetually an attractive ſmile; grins horribly a naked, ghaſtly ſkull.——The *eye*, that outſhone the diamond's luſtre; and glanced her lovely lightning into the moſt guarded heart: Alas! where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling ſparkler? How are all thoſe radiant glories totally, totally eclipſed!——The *tongue*, that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence in this ſtrange land has "forgot its cunning." Where are now thoſe *ſtrains of melody*, which raviſh'd our ears? Where is that *flow of perſuaſion*, which carried captive our judgments? The great maſter of language, and of ſong, is become ſilent as the night that ſurrounds him.—The pampered *fleſh*, ſo lately clothed in purple and fine linen, how is it cover'd rudely with clods of clay! There was a time when the *timrouſly nice* creature, would ſcarce "adventure to ſet a foot upon the ground, for de-"licateneſs and tenderneſs;" Duet. 28. v. lvi. but is now enwrapped in clammy earth, and ſleeps on no ſofter a pillow than the ragged gravel-ſtones.—Here, "the *ſtrong men* bow themſelves;" the nervous arm is unſtrung; the brawny ſinews are relaxed:

ed; the limbs not long ago the ſeats of vigour and activity, lie down motionleſs; and the bones which were as bars of iron, are crumbled into duſt.

Here, the *man of buſineſs* forget all his favourite ſchemes, and diſcontinues the purſuit of gain. Here, is a total ſtand to the circulation of merchandize, and the hurry of trade. In theſe ſolitary receſſes; as in the Building of Solomon's temple; is heard no ſound of the hammer and ax. The winding-ſheet, and the coffin are the utmoſt bound of all earthly devices: "Hitherto may they go, but no "farther."——Here, the *ſons of pleaſure* take a final farewell, of their delights. No more is the ſenſualiſt anointed with oil, or crown'd with roſe-buds: He chants no more to the melody of the viol; nor revels any longer at the banquet of wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous tables, and delicious treats, the poor voluptuary is himſelf a feaſt for fattened inſects; the reptile riots in his fleſh;—— "the worm "feeds ſweetly on him." —— Job 24. v. xx.— Here alſo *beauty* fails; bright beauty drops her luſtre here. O! how her roſes fade, and her lilies languiſh, in this bleak ſoil! How does the grand leveller pour contempt upon the charmer of our hearts! How turn to deformity, what captivated the world before!

The vanity of a *too* ſtrong attachment to human life, and an *eager* purſuit of *Temporal* enjoyments,

to

to the neglect and diſregard of thoſe that are *Eternal*, is ingeniouſly repreſented by an author who already has obliged the public with the following fables from a gentleman's and lady's ſcull, each of which, being placed under an alcove, call'd *Il. Penſeroſo*, is ſuppoſed here to addreſs the male and female viſitants.

The LADY's SCULL.

Bluſh not ye Fair! to own me——but be wiſe!
Nor turn from ſad mortality your eyes:
Fame ſays (and Fame alone can tell how true)
I——once——was lovely, and beloved——like you.
Where are my vot'ries, where my flatt'rers now?
Fled with the ſubject of each lover's vow.
Adieu the roſe's red, the lily's white,
Adieu thoſe eyes that made the darkneſs light;
No more, alas! thoſe coral lips are ſeen,
No longer breaths the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your mirrour, and behold in me,
At once, what thouſands can't or dare not ſee.
Unvarniſh'd I the real truth impart.
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart,
Survey me well, ye fair ones,. and believe,
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
On beauty's fragil ſtate no more depend;
Here youth and pleaſure, age and ſorrow end.
Here drops the maſk, here ends the final ſcene,
Nor differs grave threeſcore from gay fifteen.
All preſs alike to that ſame goal——the tomb.
Where wrinkled Laura ſmiles at Chloe's bloom.
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
Here learn the leſſon, to be vain no more.
Yet virtue ſtill againſt decay can arm,
And even lend Mortality a charm.

The

The GENTLEMAN's SCULL.

Why ſtart?——the caſe is yours——or will be ſoon,
Some years perhaps——perhaps another moon.
Life at it's utmoſt length is ſtill a breath,
And thoſe who longeſt dream muſt wake in death.!
Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliſs ſecure.
And gold of ev'ry ill the certain cure.
Till ſteep'd in ſorrow, and beſieg'd with pain.
Too late I found all earthly riches vain;
Diſeaſe with ſcorn threw back the ſordid Fee,
And Death ſtill anſwer'd——What is gold to me?

Fame, titles, honour next I vainly ſought,
And fools obſequious nurs'd the childiſh thought.
Circled with brib'd applauſe, and purchas'd Praiſe,
I built on endleſs grandeur endleſs days;
Till Death awoke me from my dream of pride,
And laid a prouder Beggar by my ſide.

Pleaſure I courted and obey'd my taſte:
The banquet ſmil'd, and ſmil'd the gay repaſt.
A loathſome carcaſe was my conſtant care,
And worlds were ranſack'd, but for me to ſhare.
Go on vain Man! to luxury be firm;
Yet know——I feaſted, but to feaſt a worm.

Already ſure leſs terrible I ſeem,
And you, like me, ſhall own——that life's a dream.
Farewel, remember! nor my words deſpiſe,
The only happy are the early wiſe.

The following Story from Mr. Hume's *Eſſays, will, I doubt not, prove agreeable to my Readers under this Head.*

OF MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

I Am of opinion, that the common complaints againſt providence are ill grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the cauſes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, inſtances to the contrary, and theſe too pretty numerous; but few, in compariſon of the inſtances we have of a right diſtribution of proſperity and adverſity: nor indeed could it be otherwiſe from the common courſe of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent diſpoſition, and to love others, will almoſt infalibly procure love and eſteem; which is the chief circumſtance in life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; beſides the ſatisfaction, which immediately reſults from it. The caſe is much the ſame with the other virtues. Proſperity

perity is naturally, though not neceſſarily attached to virtue and merit; and adverſity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I muſt, however, confeſs that this rule admits of an acception, with regard to one moral quality; and that Modeſty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as Impudence diſplays them to the utmoſt, and has been the only cauſe why many have riſen in the world, under all the diſadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himſelf off for; and admit his overbearing airs as proofs of that merit which he aſſumes to himſelf. A decent aſſurance ſeems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can diſtinguiſh Impudence from it: As, on the other hand, diffidence, being the natural reſult of vice and folly, has drawn diſgrace upon Modeſty, which in outward appearance ſo nearly reſembles it.

As Impudence, though really a vice, has the ſame effect upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue; ſo we may obſerve, that it is almoſt as difficult to be attained, and is, in that reſpect, diſtinguiſhed from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increaſe upon indulgence. Many a man, being ſenſible that Modeſty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his

fortune, has reſolved to be Impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter; but, 'tis obſerveable, that ſuch people have ſeldom ſucceeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapſe into their primitive Modeſty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural Impudence. It's counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever ſupport itſelf. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits, and is ſenſible of, he is ſo much nearer his end. But when he endeavours at Impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him bluſh, and will infallibly diſconcert him: after which, every bluſh is a cauſe for new bluſhes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to Impudence.

If any thing can give a Modeſt man more aſſurance, it muſt be ſome advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double luſtre, when a perſon is endowed with it; and ſupply its place, in a great meaſure, when it is abſent. 'Tis wonderful to obſerve what airs of ſuperiority fools and knaves, with large poſſeſſions, give themſelves above men of the greateſt merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any ſtrong oppoſition to theſe uſurpations; or rather ſeem to favour them by the Modeſty of

their

their behaviour. Their good ſenſe and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cauſe them to examine every thing with the greateſt accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their ſentiments make them timorous leſt they commit faults, and loſe in the world that integrity of virtue, ſo to ſpeak, of which they are ſo jealous. To make wiſdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and Modeſty.

Theſe are the reflections which have occured upon this ſubject of Modeſty and Impudence; and I hope the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee them wrought into the following allegory.

Jupiter, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wiſdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and thus connected, ſent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and ſaid that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deſerved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before diſſenſion aroſe among them. Wiſdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accuſtomed before ſhe ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might poſſibly or probably occur in it. In theſe deliberations ſhe uſually conſumed ſome time; which delay was very

very diſpleaſing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the firſt road he met. Wiſdom and Virtue were inſeperable: But Confidence one day following his impetuous nature, advanced a conſiderable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other ſociety, though joined by Jupiter, diſagreed and ſeperated. As Folly ſaw very little way before her, ſhe had nothing to determine concerning the goodneſs of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of reſolution was encreaſed by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and ſcruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never ſatisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, though ſhe hearkened to Diffidence, would be eaſily managed when alone, and therefore, as a vicious horſe throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of his pleaſures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inſeperable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner both thrown looſe from their reſpective companies, wandered for ſome time; till at laſt Chance led them at the ſame time to one village. Confidence went

directly

directly up to the great houſe, which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village; and without ſtaying for a porter, intruded himſelf immediately into the innermoſt apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himſelf very quickly to his landlord; and entered into ſuch familiarity with Vice, that he was inliſted in the ſame company with Folly. They were frequent gueſts of Wealth, and from that moment inſeperable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great houſe, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found Wiſdom and Virtue, who being repulſed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compaſſion on her, and wiſdom found, from her temper, that ſhe would eaſily improve: ſo they admitted her into their ſociety. Accordingly by their means, ſhe altered ſomewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modeſty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counſel and example, degenerated ſo far by the ſociety of Vice and Folly, as to paſs by the name of Impudence. Mankind who ſaw theſe ſocieties as Jupiter firſt joined them, and know nothing of theſe mutual deſertions, are thereby led into ſtrange miſtakes; and wherever they

they ſee Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wiſdom, and wherever they obſerve Modeſty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

Hume.

MODESTY. (*Vide* BEAUTY.)

THERE is nothing in the female ſex more graceful or becoming than Modeſty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new ſoftneſs to their ſex. Without it ſimplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good ſenſe maſculine; wit and humour lacivious. This is ſo neceſſary a quality for pleaſing, that the looſe part of the ſex, whoſe ſtudy is to enſnare men's hearts, never fail to ſupport the appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential to that end. How lovely then is the *real* modeſt woman!

MEDITATION.

MEDITATION is the life of virtue, as virtue is the life of the ſoul. It is the conduit by

by which a happy and delightful communication is maintained between God and the ſoul; through which the graces and bleſſings of God deſcend to the ſoul, and through which the ardour, the praiſes, and adoration of the ſoul, aſcend to God. It is the exerciſe of the ſoul, which makes it, and preſerves it, vigorous and healthful; without which it would ſoon become heavy and languid, void of pleaſure, and weary of its own being; and this uneaſineſs would oblige it to ſeek its ſatisfaction in vain and trifling entertainments, and debaſe it at laſt even to folly and vice.

How.

MUSIC.

MUSIC is a ſcience that teaches how ſound, under certain meaſures of time and tune may be produced, and ſo order'd and diſpoſed, as either in conſonance, or ſucceſſion, or both, they may raiſe various ſenſations from the height of rapture even to melancholy or diſtraction.

This art, from the time of Jubal, the father of ſuch as handle the harp and organ, down to the immortal Orpheus, and from thence to that of the,

perhaps, no leſs immortal Handel, has ever been held in the higheſt eſteem: and moſt deſervedly, ſince it is productive not only of the higheſt entertainment, but alſo of the moſt beneficial effects. It's principal and nobleſt uſe is to celebrate the Deity with that muſical ſacrifice and adoration which has claimed a place in the laws and cuſtoms of the moſt different nations; as the Grecians and Romans of the prophane, the Jews and Chriſtians of the ſacred world, did as unanimouſly agree in this, as they diſagreed in all other parts of their œconomy. Nor can we doubt that the ſongs of Sion, or other ſublime poetry, ſoftened in the moſt moving ſtrains of Muſic, have the power of ſwelling the heart with rapturous thankſgiving, or of humbling or exalting the ſoul to the moſt fervent pitch of devotion.

With what a noble ſweetneſs does *Milton* deſcribe the harmonious ſpirits in heaven.

> Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
> Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their ſide,
> Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
> Of charming ſymphony they introduce
> The ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high.
> Not one exempt, no voice but well could join
> Melodious part, ſuch concord is in heaven.

If we conſider Muſic merely as an entertainment, doubtleſs, the author of all good deſigned the pleaſing harmony and melody of ſounds (amongſt other purpoſes)

purpoſes) to heighten the innocent pleaſures of human life, and to alleviate and diſpel it's cares. When we are oppreſs'd with grief, it can enliven and exhilerate our drooping ſpirits. When we are elated, and as it were intoxicated with exceſſive joy, (for joy may be exceſſive and dangerous) it can moderate the violence of paſſions, bring us down from the giddy height, and reduce us to a ſtate of tranquility: If inflamed with anger, or boiling with rage, it can ſoften us into pity, or melt us into compaſſion. In a word, hatred, malice, envy, and all the hideous group of infernal paſſions, which are at once the torment and diſgrace of humanity, flee before this powerful charmer, who, not content with this conqueſt, goes on, if we liſten to her inchanting ſtrains, refining our paſſions and cheriſhing thoſe virtuous impulſes; and that gentleneſs of manners in the ſoul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſuality, baſeneſs, or villany; of theſe latter, *Shakeſpear*, that ſagacious piercer into human nature, writes thus;

The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, villanies, and ſpoil;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull at night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

HUMAN NATURE.

IT cannot but afford a great pleaſure to the rational mind, to contemplate the dignity of *human nature*, which often ſhews itſelf in all conditions of life: For notwithſtanding the degeneracy and meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand occaſions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may conſider the ſoul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidſt the great heaps of rubbiſh, you meet with noble fragments of ſculpture, broken pillars and obeliſks, and a magnificence in confuſion. Virtue and wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing theſe diſorderly heaps recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient ſymetry and beauty. A happy education, converſation with the fineſt ſpirits, looking abroad into the works of Nature, and obſervations upon manking, are the greateſt aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious work. But even among thoſe who have never had the happineſs of any of

theſe

theſe advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch exertions of the greatneſs that is natural to the mind of man, as ſhew capacities and abilities only want theſe accidental helps to fetch them out, and ſhew them in a proper light. A *Plebeian* ſoul, is ſtill the ruin of this glorious edifice, though incumbered with all its rubbiſh.

And the Author of *Various proſpects of mankind, nature, and providence*, in expatiating on the pre-eminence of Man over all other animals, takes notice of the vaſt diſcoveries and improvements in arts and ſciences, effected by human ſagacity; and deſcants thereon as follows:

Various are mens diſpoſitions and abilities, and by their different characters, they diſcover different degrees of perfection. But it is by the ſtudy and practice of true Philoſophy that the higheſt dignity of human Nature is diſplayed. Among all the characters of mankind, that of the Philoſopher himſelf is the moſt perfect. Diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of an inferior kind, by clearer and more diſtinct preceptions; by more comprehenſive views both of nature and art; by a more ardent love and higher admiration of what is excellent; by a firmer attachment to virtue, and the general good of the world; by a lower regard of all inferior beauties compared with the ſupreme, conſiſting of conduct and dignitude of behaviour; by a greater moderation

tion in prosperity, and greater patience and courage under the evils of life; the real Philosopher, though not absolutely perfect, sets the grandeur of human genius in the fairest light.

But not only in this exalted character; in those also of an inferior order, the excellence of human reason and genius renders itself conspicuous.

By *Statuary* we bring distant objects to sight, and recall past scenes. We form images of men and other animals, which appear to breathe, feel, and live.

With greater art the *Painter* represents all kinds of solid bodies upon a plane. Though no image can be felt upon the smooth surface, we behold with admiration, heights and hollows, mountains and valleys; men and cattle, which bear a perfect resemblance to what they are in Nature.

After another manner the *Poet* displays his art, and sets all sorts of objects before us, without any sensible image. By apt and natural descriptions he presents them to the imagination. Not only sensible objects, but the inward motions and affections of the soul, pass before us in review. By drawing feign'd as well as real characters, he displays the native graces of virtue and wisdom, and exposes the deformity of vice and folly. By the sentiments and examples of the personages whom he introduces,

he

he powerfully touches our hearts, and inſtills the ſoundeſt inſtruction of pleaſure.

The *Tragic Poet* aſſumes a ſovereign command over our ſtrongeſt paſſions. To enable us to govern and refine them, and to prepare us to meet with great and ſudden calamities in life, he exerciſes us by repreſentations of imaginary evils. By views of the diſtreſſes of virtue, he cheriſhes our love of it; melts us into the deepeſt compaſſion, and awakens our higheſt concern, by raiſing an inexpreſſible joy, while he unravels the plot, and makes us ſpectators of the final and complete happineſs of the virtuous.

With an equal or greater force of genius, the *Epic Poet*, by the ſublimity of his conceptions, and the harmony of his numbers, equals the virtues and dignities of heroes, and approaches to the magnificence and majeſty of Nature.

The *Orator* not only unravels the darkeſt and deepeſt plots, and ſets the moſt intricate ſubjects in the cleareſt light, but ſubdues every unmanly paſſion, rouſes up whatever is generous in the human breaſt, extinguiſhes all mean and unworthy regards, inſpires courage and contempt of danger, and animates his audience with the love of glory and a concern for the public good.

By *Muſic* we ſo ſtrike and agitate the inviſible ſubſtance of air, and direct its imperceptible motions

tions with ſo divine an art, as raiſes an inchanting harmony, which compoſes, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul.

Geometry determines lines to which we cannot apply any meaſure. It traces out-lines, which though continually approaching nearer to one another, can never coincide, however far they are extended. It has diſcovered the moſt ingenious, ſurpriſing, and juſt menſuration of ſurfaces and ſolid bodies. It traces accurately the paths of bodies which are thrown into the air, though projected at random in any direction whatſoever.

From projectiles near the ſurface of the earth, *Aſtronomy* leads our thoughts to planets, which are of equal magnitude, and of a ſimilar ſubſtance to that of our earth. It conſiders theſe mighty globes as projected by an *Almighty hand*; and confind in their different orbits, by that ſame gravity which cauſes all bodies that are projected by man to deſcend to the earth. By means of imaginary points, lines, and circles, it divides the Heavens into its diſtinct regions. It aſſigns to the fix'd ſtars their ſettled habitations. It marks out the wide circuits of the planets and comets; and calculates their periods, oppoſitions, and conjunctions with aſtoniſhing exactneſs.

In the eaſier manner *Arithmetic* adjuſts the greateſt ſums by a cypher and the nine digits, It adds, multiplies,

multiplies, and divides numbers, in every manner that can be required. It arranges and combines them in all ſorts of regular *Serieſes* and progreſſions, both finite and infinite. It not only diſcovers with a wonderful facility the properties and ſums of finite ones, from general principles, without a tedious conſideration of each particular number; but by determining the ſums of ſuch progreſſions as can never come to an end, ſets bounds to infinity itſelf. With no leſs ſurprizing invention it effects impoſſibilities; and when no real quantity can be found which will anſwer the queſtion that is propoſed, it finds out a juſt ſolution by imaginary, yet intelligible quantities; or by a ſeries of quantities which continually approximates to the truth, till at length all error vaniſhes.

NOBILITY.

IT is the ſaying of a great man, that if we would trace our deſcents, we ſhould find all ſlaves to come from princes, and all princes from ſlaves: But fortune has turned all things topſy-turvy, in a long ſtory of revolutions. Though it matters not whence we came, but what we are; nor is the glory

of our anceſtors any more to *our* honour, than the wickedneſs of their poſterity is to *their* diſgrace.

It matters not from what ſtock we are deſcended ſo long as we have virtue; for that alone is true Nobility.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing——but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave that wears a title, *lies*.

YOUNG.

OATH.

AUGUSTUS prohibited the common uſe of his name leſt it ſhould grow too cheap and vile, by the common and heedleſs uſing of it. The name of Mercurius Triſmegiſtus was ſparingly uſed, becauſe of the great reverence people had for him. The very heathens were afraid to pronounce the name of their great God Demogorgon, as fearing the

the earth would tremble when his name was mentioned. How then doth the reverence of heathens to their *falſe* Gods, expoſe and aggravate the impudence of profeſſed chriſtians, in their vile indignities and abuſes of the great and terrible name of the *true* God!

Swearing by the name of God in a right cauſe, when called thereto by due authority, is not only a a lawful but a religious act, founded upon, and directed to, the honour of God's omniſcience, whereunto there is a ſolemn appeal made in every Oath; and a religious acknowledegment made him of his infallible knowledge of the truth or falſehood of our hearts and all the ſecrets of them.

The lawful uſe and end of Swearing, is to put an end to all ſtrife, and to maintain both equity and charity among men, the two bonds and ligaments of human ſociety. Now ſince it is the ſovereign right and property of God alone, infallibly to ſearch into the hearts and reins of men, he hereby becomes the infallible witneſs to the truth or falſehood of what they ſpeak; ſo that in every ſuch lawful Oath, there is not only a ſolemn appeal, and in that appeal an aſcription of glory to his ſovereign omniſcience; but therein (implicitly at leaſt) they put themſelves under his wrath and curſe, in caſe they ſwear falſely; which makes this action moſt ſacred and ſolemn.

The contumely and the malignity found in prophane Oaths appears in that terrible threatning, *The Lord will not hold him guiltleſs that taketh his name in vain.* A threatening altogether as juſt and righteous as it is ſevere and terrible. This ſin admits of degrees of guilt: It is highly ſinful to ſwear by the name of God, lightly and vainly in our common diſcourſe, though the Oath be clipped and half ſuppreſſed, or diſguiſed in the pronounciation of it, which argues ſome remains of fear and ſhame in the ſinner.

It is worſe (and indeed not a jot below blaſphemy) to ſwear by any other name than the name of God; for in ſo doing they attribute to a creature, the ſovereign and incommunicable property of God; ſet that creature in the very throne of God, and inveſt it with the regalities of his omniſcience to know our hearts, and Almighty Power to avenge the wrong upon us, done to himſelf, as well as men by falſe ſwearing.

But to break in rudely and blaſphemouſly upon the ſacred and tremendous name of God, with bold and foul-mouthed Oaths, ſtriking through his ſacred name, with direct contumelious blaſphemies; this argues a heart from which all fear of God is utterly expelled and baniſhed.

Yet ſome there are, grown up to that prodigious height of impiety, that they dare aſſault the very Heavens,

Heavens, and discharge whole vollies of blasphemies against that glorious Majesty which dwells there. They are not afraid to bid defiance to him, and challenge the God that made them to do his worst. They deck and adorn (as they account it) their common discourses with bloody Oaths and horrid imprecations, not esteeming them genteel and modish without. It consists not with the greatness of their spirits to be wicked at the common rate. They are willing to demonstrate to the world, that they are none of those puny, silly fellows, that are afraid of invisible Powers, or so much cowards as to clip a full-mouthed Oath, by suppressing or whispering the emphatical sounding syllable, but think a horrid blasphemy makes the most sweet and graceful cadency in their hellish rhetoric.

They glory that they have fully conquered all those troublesome notions of good and evil, virtue and vice, heaven and hell, to that degree that they can now affront the Divine Majesty to his very face, and not fear the worst he threatens in his word against their wickedness.

If there be a God (which they scarce believe) they are resolved audaciously to provoke him to give them a convincing evidence of his being. And if he be (as they are told he is) rich in patience and forbearance, they are resolved to

try

try how far his patience will extend, and what load of wickedneſs it is capable to bear.

If their deſtruction be not ſure enough, they will do their utmoſt to make it ſo, by breaking down the only bridge whereby they can eſcape it, that is, by trampling under their feet the precious blood and wounds of the Son of God, and impricating the damnation of hell upon their own ſouls, as if it ſlumbered too long, and were too ſlowly paced in its motion towards them. And it is to be feared there are few chriſtians to be found on earth, crying ſo oft for "The Lord to pardon, the Lord to ſave "them;" as ſome wretches amongſt us cry, (*Horreſco referens*) for God to d——n them, and the Devil to deſtroy them.

It would be well therefore for all ſuch coolly and ſolemnly to debate the following plain queſtion in their own reaſon and conſciences? Do they think they muſt die, or live here for ever as they do? If they are convinced (as all living are ſuppoſed to be) that they muſt die, do they deſire an eaſiy and comfortable, or a painful and terrible death? It muſt be preſumed there is no man living that is convinced he muſt die, but deſires naturally and rationally as eaſy and comfortable a diſſolution as may be. If ſo, let them appeal to their own reaſon, whether prophane ſwearing and blaſpheming the name of God, be a proper rational way to obtain peace and comfort

comfort at their latter end? With what hope or encouragement can thoſe tongues cry at death, for the Lord to have mercy on them, which prophaned that name, and imprecated damnation for him, till they come into their laſt extremities, which convinced they would live no longer.

But to avoid this horrible prophaneneſs, let us always bear in mind, "That every idle word that "men ſhall ſpeak, they ſhall give an account there-"of in the day of judgment." St. Hierom was frequently heard to ſay, "Whether I eat or drink, "or whatever I do, methinks I ſtill hear the ſound "of the words in mine ear, Ariſe, ye dead, and "come to judgment."

OBEDIENCE.

LET the ground of all our religion be Obedience, let us examine not why it is commanded, but obſerve it becauſe it is commanded; true Obedience neither procraſtinates nor queſtions.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whoſe laws our actions are governed, and who will ſuffer none to be finally puniſhed

niſhed for Obediences. When, in proſpect of ſome good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules preſcribed us, we withdraw from the direction of ſuperior wiſdom, and take all conſequences upon ourſelves. Man cannot ſo far know the connection of cauſes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we purſue our end by lawful means, we may always conſole our miſcarriage by the hope of future recompence. When we conſult our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by over leaping the ſettled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by ſucceſs, becauſe we cannot eſcape the conſciouſneſs of our fault; but if we miſcarry, the diſappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortleſs is the ſorrow of him, who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought on him?

This at leaſt, is the preſent reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky conſequence can oblige us to repent it. *Prince of Abiſſinia.*

OBLIGATION.

HAVE I obliged any body, or done the world any ſervice? If ſo, the action has rewarded me;

me; this anſwer will encourage good-nature; therefore let it always be at hand.

> Great minds, like Heav'n are pleaſed with doing good,
> Tho' th' ungrateful ſubjects of their favours;
> Are barren in return. Virtue does ſtill
> With ſcorn the mercenary world regard,
> Where abject ſouls do good, and hope reward.
> Above the worthleſs trophies man can raiſe,
> She ſeeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praiſe,
> But with herſelf, herſelf the goddeſs pays.
>
> Rowe's Tamerlane.

He that will not oblige the wicked and ungrateful, muſt reſolve to oblige nobody; for all of us; in ſome degree or other, fall under that denomination.

A man cannot be bound by one benefit to ſuffer all ſorts of injuries; for there are ſome caſes wherein we lie under no obligation for a benefit, becauſe a greater injury abſolves it. As for example, a man helps me out of a law-ſuit, and afterwards commits a rape upon my daughter; where the following impiety cancels the antecedent obligation. A man lends me a little money, and then ſets my houſe on fire; the debtor is here turned creditor, becauſe the injury outweighs the benefit. Nay, if a man does but ſo much as repent the good office done, and grow ſour and inſolent upon it and upbraid me with it: If he did it only for his own ſake,

or for any other reaſon, than for mine; I am in ſome degree, more or leſs aquitted of the Obligation. *Seneca.*

And what ſays *Dryden.*

You have yourſelf your kindneſs overpaid,
He ceaſes to oblige, who can upbraid.

PARENT.

THOSE Parents, who conſume their whole eſtates, with which they ſhould provide for their Children, in gaming, drinking, riot, luxury, and ſinful pleaſures, are in no better condition, nor do any better diſcharge their duty to their Children, than they, who, for little or no cauſe, anger, folly, or humour diſinherit their children, and cut them off from their eſtates. There is, indeed, great difference, betwixt the *minds* and *affections* of theſe two ſorts of Parents, but the *effect* to the children is the ſame: And ſince the commands of God to Parents, to make proviſion for their children, are given for the children's ſake; if theſe commands take no effect, it is all one to them what it is that

hinders

hinders it. They are full as deſtitute and helpleſs by their Parent's neglect, as they could be by their diſpleaſure; and they become as miſerable when the Parent's luxury and vice deprive them of their maintenance, as when they are diſinherited through cauſeleſs anger, and by falſe ſuggeſtions. And a Parent who is thus abuſed into the wronging of his children, is much more innocent and pitiable than he who riotouſly, vainly, and viciouſly ſpends the eſtate, that might and ſhould contribute to his children's ſuſtenance and welfare; becauſe this man does wilingly deprive himſelf of the means of doing his duty: And the other, who is abuſed, is under a force and conſtraint, acting reaſonably to himſelf, though miſtaken through the faults of other people. And therefore, theſe luxurious fooliſh ſpenders, when they come to die, or are by miſery reduced beforehand to conſider, cannot ſatisfy themſelves with knowing, and remembering, that they never had any thought or intention to wrong their children, but loved them infinitely, and wiſhed them all the happineſs imaginable: They cannot ſatisfy themſelves with this, whilſt through their folly and their negligence, they ſee thoſe children miſerable, that might, and ſhould have been provided for. And it is not enough for them to grieve, as they will naturally do at the misfortunes of their children, but they ought to repent and aſk God

pardon, for they have treſpaſſed againſt him, by neglect of their duty, and this is the way which the Chriſtian religion teaches to make all people in the world happy: It binds the natural and civil duties upon all related and concerned, with ſtrong and ſtrict commands of God, under ſevere penalties and large rewards; ſo that whatever Chriſtian now neglects the performance of them, he ſhall not only be accounted heedleſs, ill-adviſed, and unnatural; but highly ſinful and provoking, and ſhall, without repentance, be ſeverely puniſhed. He is eſteemed to deny the faith, and to be worſe than an infidel; and therefore it will be more tolerable for them in the day of judgment, than for him.

Bp. Fleetwood's Relative Duties.

The duty of Parents to their children, does not terminate in giving them exiſtence: On the contrary, as long as they ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance, they have a right to demand it; for they are tender plants, that muſt be nurſed with the extremeſt care, till they have taken root. And here nature has ſufficiently pointed out the diſtinct offices of the father and the mother, for the ſame duties are not required of both. Nature ſeems to have peculiarly aſſigned to the mother the nouriſhment of the animal frame, and all the various cares which relate to the

the body. But the deportment of the father is of a much more noble kind; for to him is devolved the care of rearing the thinking and immortal ſubſtance.

Parents, or thoſe to whom the education of children is committed, will do well to conſider the following heads:

Firſt, How near the relation is betwixt them and their children; and therefore how much they are concerned in their happineſs or miſery. Conſider but the ſcripture account of the dearneſs of ſuch relations, expreſſed, *firſt*, by longings for them, as Gen. xv. 2. "And Abaham ſaid, Lord God, what "wilt thou give me, ſeeing I go childleſs? And "when Rachael ſaw that ſhe bare Jacob no children, "Rachael envied her ſiſter; and ſaid unto Jacob, "Give me children, or elſe I die." Gen. xxx. 1. And, *ſecondly*, by our joy when we have them, as Chriſt expreſſes it, John xvi. 21. "A woman "when ſhe is in travail hath ſorrow becauſe her "hour is come: But as ſoon as ſhe is delivered "of the child, ſhe remembreth no more the anguiſh, for joy that a man is born into the "world." *Thirdly*, By our ſympathizing with them in all their troubles, as in Mark ix. 22. And *Fourthly*, By our ſorrow at parting. Gen. xxxvii. 35. "And "all his ſons, and all his daughters roſe up to "comfort him; but he refuſed to be comforted;

"and

"and he ſaid, for I will go down into the grave "unto my ſon, mourning: Thus his father wept "for him." Now ſhall all this be to no purpoſe? For to what purpoſe do we deſire them before we have them, rejoice in them when we have them, ſympathize with them ſo tenderly, grieve for their death ſo exceſſively, if in the mean time no care be taken, what ſhall become of them to eternity?

If the ſeaſon of their youth be neglected, how little probability is there of good fruit afterwards? That is the moulding age, Prov. xxii. 6. How few are converted in old age? A twig is brought to any form, but grown limbs will not bow.

Beſides there is none in the world ſo likely as Parents, to be inſtruments of the eternal good of their children. They have peculiar advantages that no others have: As firſt, the intereſt they have in their affections: Secondly, the opportunities to inſtill knowledge into them, being daily with them, Deut. vi. 7. Thirdly, the knowledge of their tempers. Therefore if Parents neglect, who ſhall help them?

The conſideration of the great day, ſhould alſo move their bowels of pity for them. Remember that text, Rev. xx. 12, &c. "I ſaw the dead, "ſmall and great, ſtand before God." What a

a ſad

a ſad thing will it be for Parents to ſee their dear children, the offspring of their loins, at Chriſt's left hand! Let every Parent then exert himſelf to prevent this miſery.

The following is the advice of the Queen of *Sweden* to her ſon.

"Continue, my dear child, to be exact in fulfilling your ſeveral duties; the principal of which is the veneration and worſhip due to the Supreme Being. Remember that moral virtue is in great danger, when it is no longer ſupported by Chriſtianity: and that all great minds have a ſincere love and confidence in their Creator, which gives them that noble aſſurance that is viſible in every action of their lives.

God hath given you talents, and a heart not without ſenſibility: Be careful leſt it become a dupe to your ſenſe; it is a rock on which many a ſenſible man hath ſplit. Chooſe piety for your pilot, and you need not fear that you will err in your courſe."

Queen of Sweden.

The illiberality of Parents in allowance towards their children, ſays Lord *Bacon*, in his Eſſays, is a very prejudicial error, makes them baſe; acquaints them with ſhifts; occaſions them to aſſociate with mean company; and to ſurfeit when they come to plenty.

plenty. And therefore the proof is beſt when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purſe. Lord *Bacon.*

It is much better to keep children in order by ſhame and generoſity of inclination, than by fear. That man I conceive is very much miſtaken, who imagines government purely by force, to have more authority and a better foundation, than when It is accompanied with tenderneſs and reſpect. This is my logic and I argue thus: He that is compelled by threats to his duty, will continue wary no longer than you have an eye over him. And when he thinks he ſhall not be found out, he will eagerly follow his own inclinations. But he that is governed by his love, obeys moſt chearfully; ſtrives to make his due returns; and is juſt the ſame whether you are preſent or abſent. It is a father's part to uſe his child ſo, that his own choice, rather than outward conſtraint, may put him upon doing well. Here lies the difference between a father and a maſter: And he that does otherwiſe, let him own that he underſtands not at all how to govern children. *Teren Alelph.*

Correction ought never to be given in anger; for a man in a paſſion will never obſerve the mean betwixt the two extremes of two much and too little.

PASSIONS

PASSIONS.

A Wiſe man muſt not only take care to govern his own Paſſions, but that he may not be governed by thoſe of other men: For, if we muſt be ſubject to Paſſion, it is equal whether it be our own or other peoples. When the right way is loſt, it is no matter to which hand we wander. Now it may happen in many caſes, that when a man hath withſtood his own Paſſions, and acted in conformity to reaſon, yet other men, guided by Paſſion, not by reaſon, finding fault with his actions, will be apt to give him a diſlike of his own proceedings, unleſs he be very well fixed and confirmed in his principles and reaſon. This is a matter that very well deſerves our utmoſt attention, ſince upon it depends not only the peace and tranquillity of our lives, but even our virue alſo, which will be in danger to be ſhaken, if the mind be not ſteady, and proof againſt the reproaches and deriſions of the world.

PASSIONS,

With respect to the USE *and* ABUSE *of them in matters of religion.*

The advantages of our Passions in religion and the Christian life are great and numerous.

First, The Passions being duly awakened, will set the powers of the understanding at work, in the search of divine truth and religious duty, and render the knowledge of God exceeding desirable to sinful men.

We are by nature thoughtless of God and divine things: A little, a very little general knowledge of religion satisfies our desires, because we imagine it is sufficient for our necessities. The bulk of mankind have their Passions touched with earthly things, and they are ever inquiring "who will shew where corn and wine," the pleasures of sense, the possessions of this world, honours or preferments, are to be gotten? Too many are ready to join with those who are described in Job xxi. 14. "They say unto "God, depart from us; for we desire not the know-"ledge of thy ways:" We do not want to know much of God, nor what is our duty to him.

But when the arrows of conviction reach the soul, when the heart is awakened to a pathetic sense of sin, and the fear of divine vengeance torments the spirit, then 'tis the most important enquiry of the heart

heart and lips, "What ſhall we do to be ſaved?" How ſhall we eſcape the wrath to come? How is the governing juſtice of the great God to be ſatisfied for our offences? Which is the way to be made partakers of his pardoning mercy? "Wherewith "ſhall I appear before the Lord, and in what man-"ner ſhall I bow myſelf, and worſhip the moſt high "God?" This was the language of the awakened jailor, who had juſt before ſcouraged the ſaints of the Lord, the holy Apoſtles, Acts xvi. 30. This was the earneſt cry of the crucifiers of Chriſt himſelf, at St. Peter's ſermon, when "they were pricked to their hearts," Acts ii. 37. This is the language of nature convinced of ſin, and the danger of divine indignation. St. Paul learned all the terrors of the Lord, and felt all his painful paſſions, when he was ſtruck down to the duſt, with the dreadful and overwhelming glory in his way to Damaſcus, Acts ix. 3. And with what intenſe and haſty zeal did he make this inquiry, Lord what wilt thou have me to do? ver. 6. And when he had learnt the knowledge of Chriſt, as the only way to the favour of God and ſalvation, how highly doth he value it! Phil. iii. 8. "Yea, doubtleſs, "and I count all things but loſs, for the excellency "of the knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord."

If I am awakened to a ſenſe of ſin, and fear the anger of God, I ſhall long to know the awful extent

of

of his power, and the terrible effect of his anger, as well as the methods of obtaining his grace. If I love him I ſhall ſpend many pleaſant hours of enquiry into his amiable excellencies. Each pious Paſſion will promote its peculiar enquiries. Fear and love will wander with holy awe and delight among his glories, and be ever purſuing further knowledge of his perfections: If I love God with warm and devout affection, I ſhall rejoice daily, to find new diſcoveries of his unſearchable wiſdom, his all-ſufficient power, his immenſe goodneſs, and the unbounded riches of his grace: I ſhall trace his wondrous footſteps through this beautiful creation, and endeavour to find his way in the track of daily providences: I ſhall ſurvey him and his attributes in his book of grace, and dwell upon his divine features in *Jeſus the image* and the *brightneſs of his glory*; and I ſhall ſearch further continually into the mines of ſcripture for treaſures of divine knowledge, and never grow weary of the work. I ſhall be always enquiring "what ſhall I do to pleaſe and ſerve him," who is the object of my higheſt love; and how ſhall I obtain ſtronger ſenſations and aſſurances of his favour, and dwell for ever in his preſence, who is the life and joy of my ſoul. We long ſtill to know more of this tranſcendent Being whom we love: 'Tis this divine Paſſion that animates theſe inquiries after the knowledge of God; and this

ſhall

ſhall render them infinite and everlaſting, becauſe the object of them is everlaſting and infinite.

Second Advantage. The affections being once engaged, will keep the ſoul attentive to divine things. The ſenſe of them is impreſſed deeper upon the mind, by the exerciſe of devout Paſſions, and it will abide there much longer.

Even where reaſon is bright, and the judgment clear, yet it will be ineffectual for valuable purpoſes, if religion reach no farther than the head, and proceed not to the heart: It will have little influence, if there are none of the affections engaged. Notions of religion in the underſtanding, without any touch upon the Paſſions, have been compared to the ſtars in a winter midnight, bright and ſhining, but very cold; or rather to the meteor, which is called a ſhooting ſtar, which vaniſhes quickly, and is loſt in darkneſs.

Suppoſe we are convinced by calm reaſoning of the being of God, of the duties which we owe to our Creator, of his government of the world, and of his final judgment; ſuppoſe we are led into a demonſtration, or evident proof, that we are guilty creatures, having broken the laws of God, and that there is no ſalvation for us, but in and by a Mediator; ſuppoſe we are really convinced in our judgment, that there is a heaven or a hell, that awaits our departure from this world; that we muſt die

ſhortly

ſhortly, and that we are for ever miſerable without pardoning mercy, and ſanctifying grace, all this is valuable in its kind, and is neceſſary in order to ſalvation: But if all this knowledge make no impreſſion on the affections, it is not likely to abide with us, nor to do us much good; Knowledge wears off the mind, if never uſed. Cold, unaffecting notions will have no powerful influence to reform our lives. Every new ſcene of buſineſs or pleaſure bruſhes off theſe thoughts of religion, where they have not been let into the heart, nor poſſeſſed the paſſions: "They vaniſh like the morning dew, or like an early cloud that paſſes away.

It is one great end and deſign of the Paſſions, to fix the attention ſtrongly upon the objects of them, to ſettle the thoughts with ſuch intenſeneſs and continuance on that which raiſes them, that they are not eaſily taken off. What we fear or deſire, what we love or hope for, what we lament or rejoice in, will ſeize and buſy our minds and take them up perpetually, notwithſtanding the importunities of other buſineſſes or cares: The Paſſions are ſupremely importunate and will be heard. Now if the Paſſions are ſtrongly engaged for God, the world will have but little power to call off the heart from religion.

Of the ABUSE *of the Paſſions in religious concerns, or when the exerciſe of our affections therein may be pronounced irregular, and in what manner they ſhould be limited and reſtrained.*

Our Paſſions are irregularly exerciſed when we ſuffer them to influence our opinions in religion, and to determine our judgment in any point of faith and practice. The Paſſions were made to be ſervants to Reaſon, to be governed by the judgment, and to be influenced by truth; but were never given us to decide controverſies, and to determine what is *truth* and what is *error*. Even the beſt affections, and thoſe that ſeem to have a ſtrong tendency towards piety, are not always ſafe guides in this reſpect; yet they are too often indulged to ſway the mind in its ſearch after truth or duty, as will appear by ſeveral inſtances.

Suppoſe a perſon ſhould be exceedingly affected with the unlimited goodneſs and abounding grace of God; if by theſe pious affections towards God and his goodneſs, he is perſuaded to think that God has no ſuch ſevere vengeance for ſinful and rebel-creatures, and that he will not deſtroy ſuch multitudes of mankind in hell, as the ſcriptures aſſert, or that their puniſhment ſhall not be ſo long and ſo terrible as God has expreſsly declared; here the *Paſſion* of

love

love and *eſteem*, for the divine goodneſs, acts in an irregular manner, for it takes off the eyes of the ſoul from his awful holineſs and ſtrict juſtice, and the great evil that is in ſin. It prevents the mind from giving due attention to God's expreſs word, and to thoſe perfections of the divine nature, and his wiſe and righteous government, which may demand ſuch dreadful and eternal puniſhment for the rebellion of a creature againſt the infinite dignity of its Creator and Governor.

Suppoſe a Chriſtian has moſt powerful impreſſions made on the Paſſion of fear by the tremendeous ideas of God's Majeſty and his puniſhing juſtice, and thence he concludes that the great God will pardon no wilful ſins, that he will forgive no repeated iniquities, no ſins after baptiſm and the Lord's ſupper, or after vows or ſolemn engagements, that he will have no mercy upon apoſtates, even though they turn to him by repentance; this is yielding up truth to the Paſſion of fear, and abuſe of our religious dread of the Majeſty of God; for ſuch an opinion runs counter to the great deſign of the goſpel, which aſſures us that "Chriſt came to ſave the chief of ſinners," to remove the guilt of wilful and repeated ſins, and to provide forgiveneſs for the moſt profligate rebels, even for all that renounce their rebellion.

Some

Some perſons out of a paſſionate deſire to honour Chriſt, and aſcribe the whole train of their bleſſings and ſalvation to him, have been tempted to think, that they are to do nothing towards their own ſalvation, but to lie ſtill and be ſaved without any labour or care of their own; ſo that they have ſought no more after ſanctification and holineſs in themſelves, than they have ſought to make atonement for their own ſins, but this zeal has much darkneſs in it, and betrays them into a groſs miſtake, as though they could not aſcribe their ſalvation ſufficiently to Chriſt, unleſs that they fancied that he came to ſave them in their ſins, rather than to ſave them from ſin.

It is poſſible that a perſon may have ſo high an eſteem, and ſo exceſſive a love for ſome near relation, ſome Chriſtian friend, ſome wiſe and pious miniſter of the goſpel, that he ſees no fault in them: He imitates all their practice as though they were perfect patterns; he receives all their opinions for certain and divine truths, and believes every thing which they teach, as though they were infallible, without comparing it with the bible, which is the only teſt of truth in matters of revealed religion. This affection of love to miniſters of Chriſtians is certainly irregular, when it tempts us to ſet up their judgments, their practices, and their dictates in the room of the word of God.

Again, 'tis the ſame culpable indulgence of our Paſſions to ſway our judgment, and bias our underſtanding, when our ſouls are warmed with the holy fire of love and devotion under a particular ſermon, and we cry out, *this is the beſt ſermon that ever was preached*, or *the fineſt that ever was compoſed*. Or, perhaps, your devout affections flag and languiſh under a ſermon; you ſit indolent and unmoved, and then the ſermon goes for a poor dry diſcourſe, and the man that delivered it for a dull and heavy preacher. Each of theſe haſty and irregular judgments built on the Paſſions is very common to Chriſtians, and ought to be corrected.

I might add another inſtance akin to the laſt; and that is, when our devout affections of fear and hope, of holy love, and heavenly delight, are raiſed in a place of public worſhip, whether at the eſtabliſhed church, or among the ſeveral denominations of proteſtant diſſenters, and immediately we conclude this is the right way of worſhip, this is moſt agreeable to the goſpel, and theſe people are the only true church. How weak is this reaſoning! and yet how many are there who have been determined both in their opinion and practice, for or againſt ſuch a community of Chriſtians, or mode of worſhip, and that for their whole life time, merely by the effects that one or two attendances at ſuch a particular place of worſhip have had on their affections?

Theſe

Theſe arguments drawn from the Paſſions, have been often employed to ſuport idolatry and all the wild inventions of men in the worſhip of God. Inſtances of this kind might ſtill be multiplied. Theſe are ſufficient to make it appear how unreaſona thing it is to form our opinions in religion by the influence of the Paſſions.——Vide *Note to the Love of God.*

PLEASURE.

THE *exceſs* of delight palls our appetites rather than pleaſes.

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe
Lie in three words; health, peace, and competence,
But health conſiſts in temperance alone,
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.

POPE.

The Pleaſures of ſin are dear bought and coſtly. There is a greater diſproportion betwixt thoſe pleaſures and the wrath of God, than a drop of honey and a ſea of gall. Could a man diſtil all the imaginary Pleaſure of ſin, and drink nothing elſe but the higheſt and moſt refined delights of it all his life, though his life ſhould be protracted to the terms of Methuſelah's

ſelah's, yet one day or night under the wrath of God would make it a dear bargain. But,

It is certain, ſin hath no real Pleaſures to beſtow; they are all imbittered, either by adverſe ſtrokes of providence from without, or painful and dreadful gripes and ſtings of conſcience within. Job xx. 14. "His meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of "aſps within him."

It is certain the time of a ſinner is near its period, when he is at the height of his Pleaſure in ſin: For as high delights in God, ſpeak the maturity of a ſoul for celeſtial happineſs, ſo the height of delights in ſin anſwerably ſpeak the maturity of ſuch a ſoul for its eternal deſtruction. Sin is now a big *embryo*, and ſpeedily the ſoul travails with death.

The Pleaſures of ſin are but for a ſeaſon, as we read, Heb. xi. 25. But the wrath of God is for ever and ever. There is a time when the pleaſures of ſin cannot be called Pleaſures to come; but the wrath of God, that will ſtill be wrath to come.

There is ſomething very agreeable in the paſſage of Hierocles, who in regard to happineſs, tells us that the virtuous man lives much more pleaſantly than the vicious man. "For, ſays he, all Plea-ſure is the companion of action, it has no ſubſiſt-ance of its own, but accompanies us in our doing ſuch and ſuch things. Hence it is that the worſt

actions

actions are accompanied with the meaner Pleaſures. So that the good man does not only excel the wicked man in what is good, but alſo has the advantage of him, even in Pleaſure, for the ſake of which alone he is wicked. For he that chuſes Pleaſure with filthineſs, although for a while he be ſweetly and deliciouſly entertained; yet at laſt, through the filthineſs annexed to his enjoyment, he is brought to a painful repentance. But now he that prefers virtue with all her labours and difficulties, though at firſt for the want of uſe it ſits heavy upon him; yet by the conjunction of good, he alleviates the labour, and at laſt enjoys pure and unallayed Pleaſure with his virtue. So that of neceſſity that life is moſt unhappy, which is moſt wicked; and that moſt Pleaſant which is moſt virtuous."

Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and diſdains.

POPE.

Upon which the reverend Mr. *Norris*, in his *Idea of happineſs*, enquiring wherein the greateſt happineſs attainable by man in this life conſiſts; obſerves,

That it is a great truth, that the degrees of happineſs vary according to the degrees of virtue; and conſequently, that that life which is moſt virtuous, is moſt happy: (which is all, he ſuppoſes, Hierocles

cles intends). He then goes on; But I do not think the moſt virtuous life ſo happy, but that it may become happier, unleſs ſomething more be comprehended in the word *virtue* than the ſtoics, peripatetics, and the generality of other moraliſts underſtand by it. For with them it ſignifies no more but only ſuch a firm habitude of the will to do good, whereby we are conſtantly diſpoſed, notwithſtanding the contrary tendency of our Paſſions, to perform the neceſſary offices of life. This they call moral or civil virtue; and altho' this brings always happineſs enough with it to make amends for all the difficulties which attend the practice of it yet I am not of opinion, that the greateſt happineſs attainable by man in this life, conſiſts in it. And ſo that it does not conſiſt in virtue, unleſs virtue be ſo largely underſtood, as to comprehend the contemplative and unitive way of religion, conſiſting in a devout meditation of God, and in affectionate unions and adherences to him. And which therefore, to diſtinguiſh it from the other, we may call divine virtue, taking the denomination not from the principle, as if it were wholly infuſed into us, and we wholly paſſive in it, but from the objects; the object of the former being moral good, the object of the latter, God himſelf. The former is a ſtate of proficiency, the latter of perfection. The former is a ſtate of difficulty and contention, the

latter

latter of eaſe and ſerenity. The former is employed in maſtering the Paſſions, and regulating the actions of common life; the latter, in divine meditation, and the extaſies of ſeraphic love. He that has only the former is like Moſes, with much difficulty climbing up the holy mount; but he that has the latter, is like the ſame perſon converſing with God on the ſerene top of it, and ſhining with the rays of anticipated glory. So that this latter ſuppoſes the acquiſition of the former, and conſequently has all the happineſs pertaining to the other, beſides what it adds of its own. This is the laſt ſtage of human perfection, the utmoſt round of the ladder whereby we aſcend to heaven; one ſtep higher is glory. Here then will I build my tabernacle, for it is good to be here. Here will I ſet up my pillar of reſt, here will I fix; for why ſhould I travel on farther in purſuit of any greater happineſs, ſince man in this ſtation is but a little lower than the angels, one remove from heaven? Here certainly is the greateſt happineſs, as well as perfection, attainable by man in this ſtate of imperfection. For ſince that happineſs, which is abſolutely perfect and complete, conſiſts in the clear and intimate viſion, and moſt ardent love of God; hence we ought to take our meaſures, and conclude that to be the greateſt happineſs attainable in this ſtate, which is the greateſt participation of the other. And that can be

nothing

nothing elſe but the unitive way of religion, which conſiſts in the contemplation of the love of God.

Let libertines their boiſtrous pleaſures boaſt,
They are but noiſy wretchedneſs at moſt;
The tott'ring baſe of all the joys they know
Is fleeting tumult, or deluſive ſhow,
They rend the breaſt, as whirlwinds rend the ſky,
And, like the inſtant lightnings, glare and die.
That laſting bliſs which bears a calm review,
None but the wiſe and virtuous ever knew.
And from this pleaſing retroſpect will riſe
The op'ning proſpect of eternal joys,
In thoſe bright realms, where perfect ſpirits live,
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry good Omnipotence can give.

HART's Eſſay.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is an evenneſs of ſoul, which excludes at the ſame time both inſenſibility and much earneſtneſs. It ſuppoſes a quick diſcernment, to perceive immediately the different characters of men; and by an eaſy condeſcenſion, adapts itſelf to each man's taſte, not to flatter but to calm his paſſions. In a word, it is a forgetting of ourſelves in order to ſeek what may be agreeable to others; but in

in ſo delicate a manner as to let them ſcarce perceive that we are ſo employed. It knows how to contradict with reſpect, and pleaſe without adulation, and is eqally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a mean familiarity.

Study with care politeneſs, that muſt teach
The modiſh forms of geſture and of ſpeech:
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertneſs, apes her with familiar grin;
They, againſt nature, for applauſes ſtrain,
Diſtort themſelves, and give all others pain.
She moves with eaſy, tho' with meaſur'd pace,
And ſhews no part of ſtudy, but the grace.
Yet ev'n by this, man is but half refin'd,
Unleſs Philoſophy ſubdues his mind.
'Tis but a varniſh that is quickly loſt,
Whene'er the ſoul in paſſion's ſea is toſt.

Mr. B. STILLINGFLEET.

POVERTY.

THE Proverb ſays, the poor man is always in a ſtrange country.

In ſeeking virtue, if you find Poverty, be not aſhamed, the fault is not yours. Your honour or diſhonour is purchaſed by your own actions, though virtue gives a ragged livery, ſhe gives a golden

cognizance. If her ſervice make you poor, bluſh not; your Poverty may prove diſadvantageous to you, but cannot diſhonour you.

To feel the extremity of want, and be always under diſcipline and mortification, muſt be very uncomfortable: But then we muſt conſider, that the world will either mend or wear off; and that the diſcharge will come ſhortly, and the hardſhip turn to advantage; that the conteſt is commendable and brave, and that it is dangerous and diſhonourable to ſurrender.

Let us call to mind the Poverty and meanneſs that attended the condition of our bleſſed Saviour here on earth, and alienate our affections from the things of this world, fixing them upon the ineffable joys purchaſed by him for us in another. He lived poor and low all his days; ſo ſpeaks the Apoſtle, 2 Cor. viii. 9. "Though he was rich, yet "for our ſakes he became poor." So poor that he was never owner of a houſe to dwell in, but lived all his days in the habitations of other men, or in the open air. His outward condition was more neglected and deſtitute than that of the birds or beaſts of the earth; as he informed that ſcribe, who profeſſed ſuch readineſs and reſolution to follow him, but was ſoon cooled, when Chriſt told him, Matt. viii. 20. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of "the air have neſts; but the Son of Man hath not

"where

"where to lay his head." Sometimes he feeds upon barley-bread, and a broiled fiſh; and ſometimes he was hungry and had nothing to eat, Mark xi. 12. As for money he was much a ſtranger to it; when the tribute money was demanded of him, he and Peter where not ſufficiently furniſhed to make half a crown betwixt them to pay it, but muſt work a a miracle for it. Matt. xvii. He came not to be miniſtered unto, but to miniſter. Not to amaſs earthly treaſures, but to beſtow heavenly ones. His great and heavenly ſoul neglected and deſpiſed thoſe things that too many admire and proſecute; he ſpent not a careful thought about theſe matters, that eat up thouſands and ten thouſands of our thoughts. He came to teach men by his example of humility, the vanity of this world, and to pour contempt upon the enſnaring glory of it; therefore went before us in a choſen and voluntary Poverty. Let us then not murmur or be reſtleſs at a condition which the Lord of Life underwent himſelf, but let us labour to improve every advantage of it, for the attainment of the everlaſting happineſs of our immortal ſouls. Let us bleſs God that we are freed from the dangerous and inſnaring temptations that are the attendants upon a wealthy and proſperous condition; for riches make the heart grow ſecure, proud, and earthly, *Rara virtus eſt humilitas honorata*, ſaith St. Bernard, "To ſee a man humble under

" proſperity, is one of the greateſt rarities in the " the world." Even a good Hezekiah could not hide a vain-glorious temper under his temptation, and hence that caution to Iſrael, Deut. vi. 10, 11, 12. " And it ſhall be when the Lord thy God ſhall " have brought thee into the land which he ſwear " to thy fathers, to Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, to " give thee great and good cities which thou build- " eſt not, and houſes full of all good things which " thou filleſt not, &c. then beware leſt thou forget " the Lord.

PRAYER.

PRAYER unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted; the words of the one without love being as unprofitable, as the oil and cotton of the other without flame.

The words, 'Pray without ceaſing,' may be very well interpreted according to the literal meaning of them: For if the ſoul can once get an abſolute dominion over its paſſions, keeping continually a ſtrict guard over them; if it be always duly prepared, and have in their juſt degrees, all the requiſites

requiſites of Prayer, which are faith repentance, love, humility, obedience, thankfulneſs, reſignation, charity, and ſincerity, though the man be not always upon his knees, yet his converſation will be in ſuch a manner, his ſoul will be ſo abſtracted from the world, as to be frequently exerciſing itſelf in ſome act either of praiſe, petition, or adoration of God; which, no doubt, his infinite goodneſs will accept as an inceſſant Prayer, though it be not accompanied with all the outward circumſtances of it: Which, won't be neglected neither, by ſuch a one at proper ſeaſons: And in reality a formal and cuſtomary kneeling, a lifting up the hands to heaven, without the heart; a cold and careleſs uttering of words, is but the dead carcaſs of Prayer: The life of it conſiſts in the combination of the foremention'd qualifications, without which it can be neither ſatisfactory to a wiſe man, nor, is it to be feared, acceptable to the Almighty God.

How.

And Dr. Stonehouſe in his "Friendly Advice to a Patient," obſerves,

That Prayer is not to be conſidered merely as a tribute which we owe to God; but alſo as the means of deriving ſtrength and comfort to our own ſouls. —And a ſincere Chriſtian (one duly concerned for his ſpiritual health) would no more think of omitting

ting Prayer to-day, becauſe he practiſed it yeſterday, than of abſtaining from food to-day, becauſe he yeſterday took it at the proper ſeaſon. The regular returns of either may indeed be omitted on ſome very urgent occaſion, when the honour of God, and the good of our fellow creatures plainly require our immediate attendance; but the ſpiritual life can no more be maintained in a long and frequent neglect of the one, than the natural life is in that of the other.

Our wants, ſays the the late biſhop of London, (Dr. Gibſon) in his treatiſe on family devotion, "are daily; and the temptations which draw our "hearts from God, to the things of this world "are daily; and upon both theſe accounts our "Prayers ought alſo to be daily."

And the doctor in his ſaid friendly advice, gives the following directions, which to ſuch who are deſirous of forming their own private Prayers muſt prove extremely uſeful.

"Our morning Prayers will always moſt properly begin with thankſgivings to Almighty God our creator and preſerver.—In the next place, a ſolemn dedication of ourſelves to his ſervice.—This followed by petitions, viz. For his grace and aſſiſtance to ourſelves—for the like in behalf of others—and for bleſſings on the buſineſs of the day. The evening Prayers to be in the ſame order, only a confeſ-

ſion

ſion of ſins at the end of the day, and petition for pardon muſt ſtand in the place of the morning's ſelf dedication—and the concluſion ſhould be with a petition for reſt and protection, inſtead of that for bleſſing on our buſineſs.——For the ſabbath, the great day of reſt, particular and ſuitable addreſſeſs muſt be added, both morning and evening.

And in another part of his ſaid treatiſe he gives this caution.

"Let your Prayers be ever ſo proper in the form and expreſſion; or let your heart accompany them with a devotion ever ſo intenſe, ſtill be very careful to avoid the dangerous error of imagining that any merit ariſes from the moſt perfect performance of them.—They become acceptable to God thro' Chriſt alone; and are the means, indeed, to make you good; but the goodneſs itſelf is not in them, no more than a favour among men can be ſaid to be deſerved, becauſe aſked with humility, propriety, and elegance.—If therefore, you was to truſt merely in them, 'twould be making Idols of your Prayers; —'twould be putting them in the place of Chriſt's atonement, which is quite contrary to praying (as an unworthy ſinner) in the name of Chriſt."

Stonehouſe.

Nothing is more reaſonable than what St. Chryſoſtom ſays, concerning that ſpirit with which a Chriſtian ought to pray.

We

We have not recourſe to God with the mind and thoughts that we ought. It looks as if we expected nothing from him; or rather (ſeeing our remiſſneſs and indolence) it may be ſaid, that we do not deſire to obtain, that we do not value the things that we ſeem to aſk. Yet God would have what is aſked of him, aſked with earneſtneſs; and far from taking our importunity ill, he is in ſome manner well pleaſed with it: For, in fine, he is the only debtor who thinks himſelf obliged for the demands that are made upon him. He is the only one who pays what we never lent him: The more he ſees us preſs him, the more liberal he is. He even gives what he does not owe. If we coldly aſk, he defers his liberalities: not becauſe he does not love to give, but becauſe he would be preſſed, and becauſe violence is agreeable to him.

Let us approach him (continues the father) in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon: But what do I ſay? it can never be out of ſeaſon in this reſpect: We are importunate to him when we are not continually addreſſing him: Our Prayers are always in ſeaſon to him, who always deſires to grant favours,

St. Paul ingenuouſly explains what Chriſt teaches in the goſpel, that heaven is taken by violence: Do violence to God, ſays he, ſeize the kingdom of heaven; he that forbids us to touch anothers goods,

rejoices

rejoices to have his own invaded; he that condemns the violence of avarice, praiſes that of faith.

Tertullian ſays ſomething like this, of the Prayers that the primitive Chriſtians made in common. We meet together, ſays he, as if we conſpired to take by our Prayers what we aſk of him; this violence is pleaſing to him.

A man that is praying, ſaith St. Barnard, ſhould behave himſelf as if he were entering into the court of heaven. Where he ſees the Lord upon his throne, ſurrounded with ten thouſands of his ſaints and angels miniſtering unto him.

PREACHING.

PREACHING reſembles many other arts in this, that it is beſt learned by practice and experience. No theory can give it; yet it may have its eſtabliſhed rules, from which whoever deviates has the leaſt chance to ſucceed, and to which, whoever conforms his practice, is the moſt likely to attain the perfection of the art, and to ſecure ſucceſs in it

But it ſeems more difficult in this art, than in moſt others, to fix upon a juſt ſyſtem of peculiar

precepts. It is an art that depends more on *taſte* and *ſentimeut*, than on *method* and *rules*. Every one pretends to judge of it, and carries about with him his favourite ſtandard, by which he decides on the practice of it. It is an art of ſpeaking to the HEART of man, which of all pupils is the moſt intractable, variable, and indocile. It is an art, than which I know none that requires more ſingular talents to execute it well, a more quick apprehenſion, a more fruitful imagination, a deeper inſight into the human mind, a greater acquaintance with life and manners, or a more commanding eloquence. What peculiarly diſtinguiſhes a preacher from an orator, hiſtorian, poet, and philoſopher is his original errand, "One ſent by Jeſus Chriſt, the Sa-"viour of a loſt world, to proclaim to mankind the "glad tidings of the goſpel, and to perſuade them "to repent and comply with the terms of it, by "propoſing the pardon of their ſins, the grace of "the Almighty, reſurrection from the dead, and "eternal life."

This was his original function, therefore his preſent buſineſs cannot be very different. For though there may not be the ſame neceſſity of *converting* men to the chriſtian faith, that is, to a bare aſſent to the hiſtory and doctrines of our Saviour; yet I fear there is as much need as ever of exhorting them to entertain chriſtianity in the *genuiue* ſpirit and *vital* ſenſe

ſenſe of it, or in other words to be *wiſe* and *good*. As then experience makes it too evident, that men may profeſs the faith of Chriſtians, and yet live worſe than thoſe who do not, the principal aim of a Preacher, that is of one who deſerves the name, muſt be not altogether ſo much to teach his hearers what they do *not* know, as "to impreſs them with "a deep and awful ſenſe of what they do;" Not ſo much to win their belief of the doctrines and their aſſent to the obligation of Chriſtianity, as "to turn "their belief and their aſſent into principles of ac- "tion, and to inſpire them with a ſovereign reliſh "of what they know and acknowledg to be their "duty, with a ſublime and permanent love of re- "ligion." In ſhort, the whole myſtery of the art is, "to make them Chriſtians in ſpirit and in truth, "and not in the name only." All the arts of perſuaſion being rendered entirely ſubſervient to explain and preſs the eſſential doctrines of Chriſtianity, to lay open the facts in their full ſtrength and evidence, to vindicate and enforce its laws and ſanctions, to reclaim the bad from vice, and improve the good in virtue, leave the reſt to the Almighty. In order to produce theſe effects, the Preacher ought to addreſs himſelf to the Reaſon or Underſtanding, to the Conſcience, to the Imagination, to the Ears and to the Eyes of his audience.

To conſtitute an eloquent miniſter or Preacher, a man muſt be poſſeſſed of good talents both natural and acquired; he muſt direct theſe to the great end of Preaching; and he muſt be animated in this undertaking by a ſublime ſpirit of religion: This laſt is his principal and ſupreme qualifications; for that which muſt give life and vigour to his compoſitions, and juſt ſcope to all his talents, lies in his being a *good* man, that is, a lover of God and friend of men. A Preacher who has not felt the power, and imbibed the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, is the moſt unfit perſon in the world to teach and recommend it to others. Chriſtianity is not ſo much a bare ſyſtem of Doctrines, or Rules, as an inſtitution of Life, a diſcipline of the Heart, and it's affections, a vital and vivifying Spirit, a ray of light, ſent down from the father of lights, to illuminate a benighted world, and to conduct wandering mortals to a ſtate of perfection and happineſs. He into whoſe mind this all-irradiating and all-quickening light has not ſhone, is yet dark and dead; and whilſt he continues ſo himſelf, how can he enlighten or vivify other? Whereas we pay a deference to the *good* man's authority, as believing that he ſpeaks from ſure experience. We are highly charmed, when we can diſcover a full conformity between the counſels and the manners of our teacher; when we perceive all his addreſſes animated with a real paſſion,

ſion, and every feature of virtue which he draws, exhibited more ſtrongly in the innocence and goodneſs of his life.

But when the bad man, tho' not quite depraved, or one that is but luke-warm in religion, opens his mouth in the cauſe of virtue, the more ſplendidly virtue is drawn by him, the more deeply will the attention of the audience be fixed on his character: and the founder his inſtructions are, they will only ſerve to make the negligencies or corruption of his life the more glaring. The ſilliеſt critic will take an ill-natured pleaſure in obſerving the inconſiſtency. The unthinking will be ready to join the vicious part of the audience in believing that virtue is a meer name, ſince it has ſo little effect upon a profeſſed teacher of it. And as men are more affected by example than inſtruction, they will be more prone to imitate the ſinner, than to mind his diſcourſes; the good, will be ſcandaliz'd to ſee his life contradict his profeſſion, and the vices he commits, or the omiſſions he is guilty of, baffle the effects of thoſe doctrines he preaches. But let us now turn our eyes to behold the *amiable* Preacher, who forms himſelf upon the model of the Apoſtles. *He* lives above the world, and he breathes ſuch a ſuperior kind of humanity, has ſomething ſo alluring in his manners, that his religion has not the leaſt forbidding or formal air: When he talks of it, it is without

out oſtentation: He does not impoſe his ſentiments but ſteals them upon you without the leaſt appearance of ſuperiority. His ſentiments tho' delivered in words void of varniſh, are ſo juſt and engaging that they never fail of making an impreſſion. It is ſcarce poſſible to be long in his company without being the wiſer or the better for it. Piety is become ſo natural to him, or rather ſo inlaid in his conſtitution, that it ſhines out in all he ſays and does. One may apply to him the words of a noble writer, "Sanctity ſits ſo eaſy, ſo unaffected, and ſo graceful upon him, that in him we behold the very "beauty of holineſs.. He is as chearful, as familiar, and condeſcending in his converſation, as "he is ſtrict, regular, and examplary in his piety, "as well bred and accompliſh'd as a courtier, as "reverend and venerable as an apoſtle." It is not to be ſuppoſed that he is inſenſible of the wants of life, or diveſts himſelf of the innocent paſſions of humunity, or is not conſcious of the infirmities of human virtue; but ſtill he knows how to uſe the world withour over-rating it; he enjoys the pleaſures of health and ſociety without abuſing them; and whilſt he preſerves a noble indifference of mind with regard to the acquiſitions of fame or fortune, will make both ſubſervient to the important ends of his function. No man poſſeſſes a greater ſhare of *humility*, that inconteſtible characteriſtick of a *true* chriſtian.

chriſtian. In his pariſh he is an oracle in their *ſecular* as well as *ſpiritual* concerns. He adjuſts their differences with a tenderneſs and impartiality that never fails proving ſatisfactory to both parties. The *ſick* are his peculiar care. He improves thoſe happy moments of diſtreſs to diſengage them from this world and raiſes their views to a better.—He is a father to the poor, a guardian and pattern to the *widow* and *orphan*. His revenue though moderate; being managed with great œconomy, enables him to do many acts of charity, which he is at pains to conceal.

But how aimiable ſoever his private character may be, the Pulpit is the province where he ſhines in the moſt conſpicuous light, his Conduct is ſo unexceptionably fair and illuſtrious, that all his inſtructions are accompanied with an irreſiſtable authority. No man can be heard with more attention and repect: indeed, no wonder; ſince his hearers can trace in his Life every feature of virtue which he delineates in his Sermons. The harmony between his Doctrine and Manners muſt give a double weight to all he ſays. He excells in that part of eloquence that may be call'd the expreſſion of the countenance. For whenever he deſcribes any Vice, or draws any vicious character; he has ſuch a ſignificant indignation in his looks as raiſes your abhorrence at the odious form, thus repreſented in all it's uglineſs. But

when

when Virtue is his theme, his words do not expreſs more complacence than his eyes, his air, and every geſture. The people ſeem to catch a ſpirit of devotion from his countenance as well as words, and eaſily enter into the paſſion which he appears to feel ſo powerfully himſelf.

If the reader wou'd chuſe a more copious detail upon this ſubject, he may peruſe *Theodorus:* a dialugue concerning the Art of Preaching, by

D. Fordyce.

RELIGION.

RELIGION is a thing muck talked of, but little underſtood; much pretended to, but very little practiſed; and the reaſon why it is ſo ill practiſed, is becauſe it is not better underſtood. Knowledge therefore muſt precede Religion; ſince it is neceſſary to be wiſe, in order to be virtuous, It muſt be known to whom, and upon what account duty is owing, otherwiſe it never can be rightly paid: It muſt therefore be conſidered, that God is the object of all Religion, and that the ſoul is the

ſubject

ſubject wherein it exiſts and reſides. From the ſoul it muſt proceed, and to God it muſt be directed, as to that Almighty Being whoſe power alone could create a rational ſoul, and whoſe goodneſs only could move him to make it capable of an eternal felicity: which infinite bounty of God has laid a perpetual obligation upon the ſoul to a conſtant love, obedience, and adoration of him; and to an undoubting aſſurance, that the ſame power and goodneſs that created man will for ever preſerve and protect him, if he perſeveres in the ſincere performance of his duty. The body therefore can have no other ſhare in Religion, than by its geſtures to repreſent and diſcover the bent and inclination of the mind; which repreſentations alſo are but too often falſe and treacherous, deluding thoſe that behold them, into the opinion of a ſaint, but truly diſcovering a notorious hypocrite to God, who ſees how diſtant his intentions are from his pretences. People are as much deceived themſelves as they deceive others, who think to uſe Religion as they do their beſt cloaths, only wear it to church on a Sunday, to appear fine, and make a ſhew, and with them, as ſoon as they come home again, lay it aſide carefully, for fear of wearing it out; for that Religion is good for nothing, that is made of ſo ſlight a ſtuff, as will not endure wearing, which ought to be as conſtant a covering to the ſoul, as the ſkin is to the body, not

to be divided from it, diviſion being the ruin of both. Nor muſt it be thought that Religion conſiſts only in the bending of the knees, which is a fitting poſture of humility, but in the fervent and humble adoration of the ſoul; nor in the lifting up of the hands and eyes, but in the warmth of the affection. Outward geſtures and decent behaviour are things very fit and reaſonable, being all that the body can pay; but it is inward ſincerity alone that can render them both acceptable. Much leſs does religion conſiſt in diſmal looks and ſour faces, which only ſhews that it is very unpalatable to thoſe that make them; and it ſeems to me as if they were ſwallowing of ſomething that went grievouſly againſt their ſtomachs. 'Tis likewiſe to be conſidered, that the frequency and fervency of prayer gives it acceptance, not the length of it; that one prayer rightly addreſſed to God from a well diſpoſed mind, is more efficacious than ten ſermons careleſly practiſed. But hearing being much an eaſier duty than praying, becauſe it can often change into ſleeping, is therefore ſo much preferred to it by a great many people. But if, in the end, their profound ignorance will not excuſe them, I am ſure their ſtupid obſtinacy never will. But there are ſo many virtues required, in order to praying rightly, that people think, perhaps, that it would take up too much time and pains to acquire them: And they are much in the right,

right, if they think their prayers will be insignificant without them, and that an ill man can never pray well, and to purpose; for the stream will always partake of the fountain: And, if the mind which is the fountain of all our addresses to God, be vicious and impure, the prayers which proceed from it, must needs be sullied with the same pollutions. But, on the contrary, if the mind be once made virtuous, all that proceeds from it will be pleasing and accepted. And as to dejected looks and a sorrowful countenance, they are no wise graceful in Religion; which is so far from being a melancholy thing, that it can never appear displeasing, or tiresome to a mind where wisdom and virtue do not first seem troublesome; for wisdom instructing the soul to act reasonably, instructs it likewise to serve and obey God readily and chearfully; for that which appears reasonable to a wise man, will always appear delightful; and Religion is that very same reason and wisdom, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace.

How.

On piety humanity is built,
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun,
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd,

A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of Piety, delight inſpires,
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph and all its horror hides.
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill.
Pray'r ardent, opens Heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the Great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in Heav'n, and ſets his foot on Hell.

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

It is the work and buſineſs of Religion and of our lives, ſays Dr. *Whichcote*, to reconcile the Temper of our ſpirits to the Rule of righteouſneſs, and to incorporate the principles of our Religion, into the Complexion of the mind.

This is to be done, 1. By ſearching into the nature of things, and the reaſon of our duty; that judgment may be ſuch, as to approve the laws of our Religion. 2. By practiſing according to our right apprehenſions of things, till it becomes eaſy and delightful to us. 3. By perſiſting in this courſe all our days; ever deſigning and meaning righteouſneſs; and ever retracting and correcting what is unrighteous.

In the ſearch after God, and contemplation of him, our Wiſdom doth conſiſt; in our worſhip of God, and our obedience to him, our Religion

gion doth conſiſt; in both of them our happineſs doth conſiſt.

Dr. *Whichcote's Aphor.*

Mere morality may be practiſed with great exactneſs from motives entirely foreign to thoſe of chriſtianity: nay, further, what is a virtue in itſelf, may ceaſe to be ſo, if it proceeds from a corrupted ſpring.—As for inſtance: A man may be chaſte and ſober, becauſe it conduces to health; or becauſe his paſſions do not ſtimulate him to the contrary vices: He may be punctual, juſt, and what the world calls generous, out of policy and a regard to character. He may be inoffenſive, civil to all, and particularly compaſſionate towards thoſe in diſtreſs, and thereby gratify his own natural diſpoſition, without once thinking of God, or his duty. —Whether this be conſtitution, policy, humanity, or whatſoever it be, moſt certainly it is not Religion; and therefore can avail nothing in the ſight of God, but looks for and receives it's reward elſewhere. See Matt. vi. 2, 5, and 16.) On the contrary, every reſtraint of our appetites and paſſions, all acts of virtue, chaſtity, and beneficence, proceeding from true chriſtian Motives, (namely, from the ſenſe of our duty to God and love to Chriſt) are noted as ſuch by him who knoweth the heart; and are ſecure to meet with their reward, not in things temporal,

temporal, but in thoſe which are eternal. How they became intitled to this reward, the Saviour of mankind has moſt clearly informed us, Matt. xxv. 45.—I purpoſely omit the condeſcending, gracious and very comfortable words that each reader may look for and rejoice in the peruſal of them.—What animated the Pſalmiſt in a courſe of piety, he declares in theſe words, "I have ſet God always before me." Pſalm xvi. 8. And Joſeph's expoſtulation is expreſſive of the ſame ſentiments. "How can I do "this great wickedneſs," (tho' for ever concealed from mortal ſight) "and ſin againſt God." Gen. xxxix. 9.—Such is the conduct of the really virtuous, who acts upon principles.——This clearly ſhews the difference between religious and political influence in the practice of virtue; and diſtinguiſhes thoſe important points, too often miſtaken and confounded, viz. chriſtian obedience, and mere philoſophic (or pagan) morality.

The late Lord Chief Juſtice Hale *thus ſums up Religion.*

He that fears the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and waits humbly before him, that thankfully lays hold of the meſſage of redemption by Jeſus Chriſt, and ſtrives to expreſs his thankfulneſs by the ſincerity of his obedience, that is ſorry with all his ſoul

when

when he comes ſhort of his duty, that walks watchfully in the denial of himſelf, and does not yield to any luſt or known ſin: He that if he falls in the leaſt meaſure, is reſtleſs till he has made his peace by true repentance, that is true in his promiſes, juſt in his dealings, charitable to the poor, ſincere in his devotion, that will not deliberately diſhonour God, although with the greateſt ſecurity from temporal puniſhment, that hath his hopes and his converſation in heaven, that dares not do any thing unjuſtly, although never ſo much to his advantage, and all this becauſe he firmly believes in him that is inviſible, and fears him becauſe he loves him, fears him as well for his goodneſs as his greatneſs, ſuch a man, whether he be an Epiſcoparian or Preſbyterian, or Independant, or Baptiſt, whether he wears a ſurplice or wears none; whether he hears organs or hears none; whether he kneels at the communion, or for conſcience ſake ſtands or ſits, he hath the life of Religion in him, and that life acts in him and will conform his ſoul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity, notwithſtanding his practice, or non-practice of things indifferent.

On the other ſide, if a man fears not the eternal God, commits ſin with preſumption, can drink to exceſs, lye, ſwear vainly and falſely, live looſely, break his promiſes, ſuch a man, although he cry down

down Biſhops, or cry down Preſbytery, although he be rebaptized every day, or declaim againſt it as hereſy, although he faſt all the lent, or feaſt out of pretence of avoiding ſuperſtition, yet notwithſtanding theſe and a thouſand more external conformities, or zealous oppoſitions of them, he wants the life of religion.

Hale.

Religion, ſays Dr. *Whichcote*, doth poſſeſs and affect the *whole* man: In the underſtanding, it is knowledge; in the life, it is obedience; in the affections, it is delight in God; in our carriage and behaviour, it is modeſty, calmneſs, gentleneſs, quietneſs, candour, ingenuity; in our dealings, it is uprightneſs, integrity, correſpondence with the rule of righteouſneſs: Religion makes men virtuous in all inſtances.

Whichcote.

Were men ſenſible of the happineſs that reſults from true Religion, the voluptuous man would there ſeek his pleaſure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory.

The times under Diocleſian were Pagan; under Conſtantine, Arian; under Julian, Apoſtate; and under Jovian, Chriſtian again; and all theſe within the ſpace of ſeventy years, the age of one man. What ſhifting and ſhuffling was there among the men

men of that generation! The changes of weather ſhews the ſoundneſs of men's bodies; the changes of times the unſoundneſs of their ſouls.

According to Lactantius, the learned diſciple of Arnobius, and the ſkilful maſter of Criſpus, the ſon of Conſtantine, a man that would come to the truth (of Religion) ought always to join piety and wiſdom together. If we believe him, men generally deceive themſelves, either in embracing Religion without conſulting wiſdom, or in giving themſelves up entirely to wiſdom, without thinking of Religion; though one without the other cannot be true or uſeful.

Poſſeſs Religion only to honour God, to do good to men, to ſanctify and ſave thy own ſoul; but by no means make it ſubſervient to baſe ends.

SABBATH.

AS one day in ſeven is ſet apart, both by divine and human laws for the ſpecial and ſolemn ſervice of Almighty God, who has been pleaſed to declare, "that thoſe who honour him he will honour."

Surely, the leaſt expreſſion of our gratitude is a ſtrict obſervance of his poſitive command, "to keep holy the Sabbath day;" that through the continuance of his protection and bleſſing, "it may be well with us, and with our children for ever."

The enforcing of obedience to this precept is intruſted to the peculiar care of GOD's repreſentatives, the EARTHLY MAGISTRATES, "who bear not the ſword in vain."——But as Reformation, not Puniſhment, is the principal and moſt deſirable object, it is earneſtly to be wiſh'd, that all offenders will acquaint themſelves with the Penalties to which they become liable by the following laws of their country, that if better motives cannot influence them, may at leaſt take ſome care to avoid thoſe.

On ſuch as profane the Lord's Day.

By doing or executing any buſineſs or work of their ordinary callings on the Lord's day, or part thereof, (works of neceſſity and charity only excepted.)——Penalty. "By the 29th of Car. II. "cap. 7. Perſons convicted hereof, by view of a "Juſtice of Peace; confeſſion of the party, or wit-"neſs, are to pay *Five Shillings*, or be put in the "*Stocks* two hours: Licenſed houſes beſides forfeit "their licenſes."

By public crying, or expoſing any wares merchandizes,

chandizes, &c.——Penalty. "By the ſame act it "is forfeiture of all the goods ſo expoſed to "ſale."

By idling or wandering in time of divine ſervice. ——Penalty. "By the ſame act *Five Shillings*, or "*Stocks* two hours."

By not reſorting to their pariſh church or chapel, (or to ſome congregation of religious worſhip allowed by the toleration act) on every Sunday, not having reaſonable excuſe.——Penalty. "Of- "fenders incur the cenſures of the church, and "forfeit 1s. to the poor, for every offence. 1 El. "c. 2.

By reſorting to a concourſe of people out of their own pariſhes for any ſport or paſtimes; or for any unlawful exerciſes and paſtimes, uſed by any perſons within their own pariſhes.——Penalty. "For- "feiture, for every offence, 3s. 4d. to the poor, or "the party to be ſet publickly in the Stocks for "three hours. Car, c. 1."

Ale-houſe-keepers, vintners, inn-keepers, permitting tippling in their houſes.——Penalty. "By "1ſt. J. 1, c. 9. If convict of ſuch permiſſion, "are to pay 10s. and perſons tippling 3s. 4d. But "if convict of drunkenneſs, diſabled to keep an "ale-houſe for three years, by 21. Ja. 1. c. 7."

Carriers, &c. travelling on Sunday——Penalty. "By the 3d. Car. 1. c. 1. forfeit 20s.

The ſtreams of religion run deeper or ſhallower, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.

This day the * Deity to men has giv'n
By juſt degrees to train their ſouls to Heav'n,
And publickly to join in grateful praiſe
For all the bleſſings of their other days.
This ſmall return he ſurely may expect;
And will as ſurely puniſh it's neglect:
On this his day, neceſſity alone
For abſence from the temple can attone:
And yet how much this crying evil grows,
Each ſlight excuſe, and needleſs † Journey ſhews.

Eſſay on Immorality.

The late Sir *Matthew Hale*, who made it his cuſtom for many years, every Lord's day in the afternoon, after evening ſermon (between that and ſupper time) to employ his thoughts upon ſeveral ſubjects

* When human life is conſidered as a ſtate of probation, or as it were a ſeminary for future happineſs and perfection, how kind an inſtitution is the appointment of the Sabbath-day; as a day of reſt and recollection, from the care and corruption of ſecular affairs! while the divine ſpirit and harmony of public worſhip, gradually form in the ſoul thoſe heavenly diſpoſitions which are the beſt qualifications for the preſence of God, and the ſociety of ſaints and angels.

† This moſt indecent practice of travelling upon a Sunday is now become a common cuſtom. It muſt grieve every one who wiſhes well to religion, to ſee people of the higheſt rank and influence, proving to the vulgar, that they think it a matter of the moſt abject indifference, by profaning thoſe ſacred hours which are ſet a-part for public worſhip. If this is not a public contempt of the Almighty, ſurely nothing can be call'd ſo.

jects of divine contemplations, and to put them into writing, has the following remarks, in his directions to his children for keeping the Lord's day: That he by long and ſound experience found, that the due obſervance of this day, and of the duties of it, had been of ſingular comfort and advantage to him, and ever had joined to it a bleſſing upon the reſt of the time; and that the week ſo begun, was bleſſed and proſperous to him; and, on the other hand, that when he had been negligent of ſuch duties, the reſt of the week had been unſucceſsful and unhappy to his own ſecular employments, ſo that he could eaſily make an eſtimate of his ſucceſs in his own ſecular employments the week following, by the manner of his paſſing the Sabbath-day; and that he did not write this lightly or inconſiderately, but upon a long and ſound experience; and he then concludes his directions with the following exhortation:

Perform all this chearfully, uprightly, and honeſtly; and count it not a burthen to you; for aſſure yourſelves you ſhall find a bleſſing in ſo doing: And remember it is your father that tells you ſo, and that loves you, and will not deceive you, and (which is more than that) remember that the eternal God hath promiſed, Iſa. lviii. 13, 14. "If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleaſure on my holy day and call the Sabbath a delight;

the

the holy of the Lord, honourable; and ſhalt honour him not doing thy own ways, nor finding thine own pleaſures, nor ſpeaking thine own words; then ſhalt thou delight thyſelf in the Lord, and I will cauſe thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee upon the heritage of Jacob thy father! for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it."

Hale's Contemplations.

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY is in its own nature an inſtrument of happineſs, and it is made much more ſo by the indigencies and infirmities of men. Man, of all creatures in the world, is leaſt qualified to live alone, becauſe there is no creature that has ſo many neceſſities to be relieved. And this I take to be one of the great arts of Providence, to ſecure mutual amity, and the reciprocation of good turns in the world, it being the nature of indigency, like common danger, to endear men to one another, and make them herd together like fellow ſailors in a ſtorm, And this indeed is the true caſe of mankind;

we

we all ſail in one bottom, and in a rough ſea, and ſtand in need of one another's help at every turn, both for the neceſſities and the refreſhments of life.

Norris.

Particular Societies, when founded upon right principles and governed by prudent rules, tend much by their ſtated meetings to promote the edification, the advantage, and the happineſs of men; to ſoften their cares by relaxing the mind from more important affairs, and to render life more pleaſing and happy. And ſuch Societies, as by their inſtitution have a tendency to promote a knowledge of the arts and ſciences, to ſerve each other in their temporal employments, and to relieve ſuch as ſtand in need of their aid, are certainly entitled to the higheſt applauſe from every lover of mankind, and are at the ſame time an ornament to the country to which they belong.

Method and order are known and confeſſed to be the life and ſpirit of all regular Societies and great deſigns, without which they can neither proſper nor ſubſiſt; their proſperity, nay, their very being, depends upon certain regular diſpoſitions of perſons, times and places, for the better execution of their deſigns, and promoting the ends of their inſtitution.

Treating

Treating upon this Subject, I cannot think it amiſs to introduce here a Charge delivered to a Lodge of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted MASONS, in the ſubſtance of a Sermon, preached at Boſton in New-England, 27th December, 1749. to ſuch of my Readers as are of that Fraternity it will undoubtedly prove acceptable, and to ſuch as are not, I perſuade myſelf it cannot be diſagreeable.

The principal intention in forming Societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the ſtricteſt bands of love; for men conſidered as ſocial creatures, muſt derive their happineſs from each other: Every man being deſigned by providence to promote the good of others, as he tenders his own advantage; and by that intercourſe to ſecure their good offices, by being, as occaſion may offer, ſerviceable unto them.

Chriſtianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy diviſions ſo rife amongſt us) never circumſcribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or perſonal obligation: What I would advance is this: That we reſtrain not our love to our next neighbour only, this being a point of conveniency—Nor to our acquaintance ſolely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourſelves—We are not to

careſs

careſs our friends only, becauſe gratitude and common juſtice require even that at our hands—Nor yet thoſe eſpecially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this, intreſt and policy will prompt us to.—Nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate—Nor is our love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the ſame church or opinion with us: For by the very ſame reaſon that we are induced to believe ourſelves in the right, they may imagine themſelves ſo too; and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourſelves, they may condemn as a blemiſh. Be it ſo then: That in ſome points, or rather modes of worſhip, we may differ or diſſent from each other, yet ſtill the LODGE reconciles even theſe. There we all meet amicably, and converſe ſociably together---There we harmonize in principles, tho' we vary in puctilios---There we join in converſation, and intermingle intereſts---There we diſcover no eſtrangement of behaviour, nor alienation of affection---We ſerve one another moſt readily in all the kind offices of a cordial friendſhip. Thus are we united, tho' diſtinguiſhed: united in the Grand Chriſtian Fundamentals: United in one important band of Brotherly Love, tho' diſtinguiſhed by ſome Peculiarities of Sentiment.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never diſcuſſed, is the happy influence under which

the unity of this truly Ancient and Honourable Society has been preſerved from time immemorial. And whoever is an upright Maſon, can neither be an atheiſt, deiſt, or libertine. For he is under the ſtricteſt obligation to be a good man, a true chriſtian, and to act with honour and honeſty, however diſtinguiſhed by different opinions in the circumſtantials of religion. Upon which account Maſonry is become the center of union, and the means of conciliating friendſhip amongſt men that might have otherwiſe remained at perpetual diſtance; cauſing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the ſame hope, partakers of the ſame promiſes, children of the ſame God, and candidates for the ſame heaven.

We read that when Tertullus pleaded againſt St. Paul, that the chief accuſation whereon he founded his plea, was, "his being ringleader of the ſect of the Nazarenes---and this ſect (ſaid the Jews) we know that every where is ſpoken againſt." And wherefore was this ſect ſpoken againſt? Was it from any evil they knew of its profeſſors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much our caſe, in reſpect to Maſonry---as flowing from the ſame corrupted principles. I have had the honour of being a member of this Ancient aud Honourable

Society

Society many years, have ſuſtained many of its offices, and can and do aver, in this ſacred place, and before the Grand Architect of the world, that I never could obſerve ought therein, but what was juſtifiable and commendable according to the ſtricteſt rules of Society. This being founded on the rules of the goſpel, the doing the will of God, and the ſubduing our paſſions, and highly conducing to every ſacred and ſocial virtue. But not to inſiſt on my own experience, the very Antiquity of our Conſtitution furniſhes a ſufficient argument to confute all gainſayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpoſe, ever laſted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual truſt and confidence is founded, ſoon divides and breakes them to pieces. Nor would men of unqueſtionable wiſdom, known integrity, ſtrict honour, undoubted veracity, and good ſenſe (though they might be trapanned into a fooliſh or ridiculous Society, which could pretend to nothing valuable) ever continue in it, (as all the world may ſee they have done, and now do) or contribute towards ſupporting and propagating it to poſterity.——

As to any objections that have been raiſed againſt this Society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundleſs:—For what can diſcover more egregious folly in any man than to attempt to villify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with

equal juſtice abuſe or calumniate any thing elſe that he is unacquainted with—But there are ſome peculiar cuſtoms amongſt us; ſurely theſe can be liable to no cenſure: Hath not every Society ſome peculiarities, which are not to be revealed to men of different communities?—But ſome among us behave not ſo well as might be expected: We fear this is too true, and are heartily ſorry for it, let us therefore every one try to mend one: But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuity and candour. For if the unworthineſs of a profeſſor, caſt a reflection upon the profeſſion, it may be inferred by parity of reaſon, that the miſconduct of a chriſtian, is an argument againſt chriſtianity. But this is a concluſion which I preſume no man will allow, and yet it is no more than what he muſt ſubſcribe to, who is ſo unreaſonable as to inſiſt on the other.

Upon the whole then, it appears that the rules of this Society have a direct tendency to render converſation agreeable, as well as innocent; and ſo to influence our practice, as to be uſeful to others, and profitable to ourſelves; for to continue in amity and maintain a fair correſpondence, to be diſpoſed reciprocally to all offices of humanity, and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteriſticks of chriſtianity, are likewiſe the cement of this Society. And how good it is to aſſiſt,

comfort,

comfort, and relieve the oppreſſed, I need not now obſerve. Nor is it leſs obvious, how pleaſant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converſe with ſecurity, without any the leaſt ſuſpicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cheriſh and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us firſt lay hold on the ſureſt means to ſtop detraction, by endeavouring to lead a pure and unblemiſhed life. Let us conſider, my brethren, that not the reputation of one only, but that of the whole Society is affected by a brother's miſbehaviour. Inveſted as we are with that diſtinguiſhing BADGE, which at this day is the glory of the greateſt potentates upon earth, we ſhould ſcorn to act beneath the dignity of our profeſſion. Let them walk worthy of our vocation, and do honour to our profeſſion.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of ſerving and obliging each other, for then, and only then, are we anſwering the great end of our inſtitution, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, oblige us not only to be compaſſionate and benevolent, but to adminiſter that relief and comfort, which the condition of any member requires, and we can beſtow without manifeſt inconvenience to ourſelves. No

artful

artful diſſimulation of affection can ever be allowed among thoſe, who are upon a *level*, nor can perſons, who live *within compaſs*, *act* otherwiſe than *upon the ſquare*, conſiſtently with the golden rule, of "doing as they would be done by." For among us, every one is, or ſhould be another ſelf: So that he that hates another muſt neceſſarily abhor himſelf alſo: He that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a diſtreſſed brother, ſtarves a member of his own body; but then this relief is not to be beſtowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, induſtrious ſucceſsleſs brother.

Let us next remember the regulations of this Society are calculated not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and diſſenſion, but for the promomotion of love, peace, and friendſhip; then here ſurely converſation muſt be attended with mutual confidence, freedom, and complacency. He who neither contrives miſchief againſt others, nor ſuſpects any againſt himſelf, has his mind always ſerene, and his affections compoſed. All the human faculties rejoice in order, harmony, and proportion; by this our ſociety ſubſiſts, and upon this depends its wiſdom, ſtrength, and beauty. Let therefore no narrow diſtinctions diſcompoſe this goodly frame, or diſturb its Symmetry. But when good and worthy men offer themſelves, let them ever have the

firſt place in our eſteem. But as for the abettors of atheiſm, irreligion, libertiniſm, infidelity, let us in the words of the prophet ſhake our hands from them, juſt as a perſon would do, who happens to have burning-coals or ſome venomous creature faſtening upon the fleſh. In ſuch a caſe none would ſtand a moment to conſider; none would debate with himſelf the expediency of the thing; but inſtantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; inſtantly endeavour to diſengage himſelf from the clinging miſchief: So ſhould every upright Maſon from ſuch perilous falſe Brethren.

There is one eſſential property which belongs to our Craft, which had like to have ſlipped me, and which, however condemned, is highly worthy of all applauſe; and that is Secrecy. All that ſhould be diſcloſed of a lodge is this, that in our meetings, we are all good-natured, loving, and chearful one with another. But what are theſe ſecrets? Why, if a brother in neceſſity ſeeks relief, it is an inviolable ſecret, becauſe true charity vaunteth not itſelf. If an overtaken brother be admoniſhed, it is in ſecret, becauſe charity is kind. If poſſibly little differences, feuds, or animoſities ſhould invade our peaceful walls, they are ſtill kept ſecret, for charity ſuffereth long, is not eaſily provoked, thinketh no evil.—Theſe and many more (would time permit) which I could name, are the embel-

liſhments

liſhments that emblazon the Maſon's Eſcutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic ſprig of Caſſia, of "letting our light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee our good works; and that whereas they ſpeak againſt us as evil doers, they may by our good works, which they ſhall behold, glorify God."

TIME.

HOW ſpeedily will the conſummation of all things commence? for yet a very little while and the commiſſioned Arch-Angel lifts up his hand to heaven and ſwears by the Almighty Name, *That Time ſhall be no longer.* Then abuſed opportunities, will never return; and new opportunities, will never more be offered. Then ſhould negligent mortals wiſh, ever ſo paſſionately, for a few hours;—a *few moments* only;---to be thrown back from the opening eternity; *thouſands of worlds* would not be able to procure the grant.

How amazingly great and awful in the repreſentation of that tremendous day, as mentioned in the beginning

beginning of the tenth chapter of Revelations, which (says one) abstracted from its spiritual meaning, and considered only as a stately piece of machinery, well deserves our attention; and I will venture to say, has not its superior, perhaps not its equal, in any of the most celebrated masters of Greece and Rome. All that is gloomy or beautiful in the atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every element, is taken in to heighten the idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate; but an uniform air of ineffable majesty, greatens, exalts, enobles the whole.—Observe the aspect of this august personage. All the brightness of the sun shines in his countenance, and all the rage of the fire burns in his feet. See his Apparel; the clouds compose his robe, and the drapery of the sky floats upon his shoulders. The rainbow forms his diadem, and that which "compasseth the heavens with a glorious circle," is the ornament of his head. Behold his Attitude; one foot stands on the ocean, and the other rests on the land. The wide extended earth, and the world of waters, serve as pedestals for those mighty columns. Consider the Action; his hand is lifted up to the height of the stars. He speaks, and the regions of the firmament echo with the mighty accents, as the midnight desart resounds with the lion's roar. The artillery of the skies is discharged at the signal; a peal of

ſeven-fold thunder ſpreads the alarm, and prepares the world to receive his orders.-----To finiſh all, and give the higheſt grandeur, as well as the utmoſt ſolemnity, to the repreſentation, hear the decree that iſſues from his mouth. He *ſwears by* HIM *that liveth for ever.* In whatever manner, ſo majeſtic a perſon had expreſſed himſelf, he could not fail of commanding univerſal attention. But when he confirms his ſpeech by a moſt ſacred and inviolable oath, we are not only wrapt in ſilent ſuſpence, but overwhelmed with the profoundeſt awe.----He *ſwears that Time ſhall be no longer.* Was ever voice ſo full of terror; ſo big with wonder? It proclaims, not the fall of empires, but the final period of things. It ſtrikes off the wheels of nature, bids ages and generations ceaſe to roll, and, with one potent word, conſigns a whole world over to diſſolution.

And how finely has Mr. *Ogilvie*, in his Poem upon the Day of Judgment, treated upon the ſame paſſage in the following lines:

But now the mantling flames in concourſe join,
And deep deſcending ſeize the burning mine;
Its richeſt treaſures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confuſion, tumult, and amaze.
When lo? a cloud juſt opening on the view,
Illum'd, with dazzling light, th' etherial blue!

On its broad breaſt a mighty angel came,
His eyes were light'ning, and his robes of flame:
O'er all his form the circling glories run
And his face lighten'd as the blazing ſun;
His limbs with heav'n's aerial veſture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the ſweepy bow.
As ſhines the bright'ning ſteel's refulgent gleam,
When the ſmooth blade reflects the ſpangling beam,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye ſurveys.
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;
So flam'd his wings along th' ethereal road,
And earth's long ſhores reſounded as he trod.
Sublime he tower'd; keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And graſp'd the red'ning bolt that rends the ſkies;
One foot ſtood firmly on th' extended plain
Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main,
He ſhook his arm——the light'ning burſt away,
Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the pale ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, thro' the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
(The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunder dy'd)
While all th' involving firmaments rebound
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the ſound:
Theſe dreadful words he ſpoke——,

"Be dark, thou ſun, in one eternal night!
"And ceaſe, thou moon, to rule with paler light!
"Ye planets drop from theſe diſſolving ſkies,
"Rend, all ye tombs: and, all ye dead, ariſe!
"Ye winds be ſtill, ye tempeſts rave no more!
"And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the ſhore!
"Earth, be diſſolv'd, with all theſe worlds on high!
"And Time, be loſt in vaſt Eternity!

"Now, by creation's dread tremendous ſire,
"Who ſweeps theſe ſtars as atoms, in his ire;
"By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd King;
"By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;

" Who reigns ſupreme in his auguſt abode,
" Forms or confounds with one commanding nod,
" Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow,
" Whoſe glance, like light'ning, looks all nature thro';
" By him I ſwear," (He paus'd, and bow'd the head,
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand and ſaid,
" Attend ye ſaints, who in ſeraphic lays
" Exalt his name, but tremble while you praiſe:
" Ye hoſts, that bow to your Almighty Lord,
" Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!
" Thy reign, O man, and earth, thy days are o'er!
" I ſwear by him, that Time ſhall be no more."
He ſpoke; (all nature groan'd a loud reply,)
Then ſhook the ſun, and tore him from the ſky.

Make good uſe of Time if you love Eternity; reflect that yeſterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be aſſured, to-day is only yours which if you procraſtinate, you loſe, which loſt, is loſt for ever; one day preſent is worth two to come.

Mr. *Norris*, treating of the care and improvement of Time, thus expreſſes himſelf.

It gives ſtrong grounds to ſuſpect the excellency of thoſe men's parts, who are diſſolute, and careleſs miſpenders of Time: For if they were men of any thoughts, how is it poſſible but theſe ſhould be ſome in the number, viz. " That this life is wholly in order to another, and that Time is the ſole opportunity that God has given us for tranſacting the great

great buſineſs of eternity; That our work is great, and our days of working ſhort, much of which is alſo loſt and rendered uſeleſs, thro' the cloudineſs and darkneſs of the morning, and the thick vapour and unwholſome fogs of the evening; the ignorance and inadvertency of youth, and the diſeaſes and infirmities of old age: That our portion of Time is not only ſhort, as to its duration, but alſo uncertain in the poſſeſſion: That the loſs of it is irreparable to the loſer and profitable to no body elſe; that it ſhall be ſeverely accounted for at the great judgement, and lamented in a ſad eternity."

Mr. *Boyle*, in his occaſional reflections, ſays, "Betwixt the more ſtated employments, and more important occurrences of human life, there uſually happen to be interpoſed certain intervals of Time, though they are wont to be neglected, as being ſingly, or within the compaſs of one day, inconſiderable, yet in a man's whole life amount to no contemptible portion of it: Now theſe uncertain parentheſis, if I may ſo call them, or interludes that happen to come between the more ſolemn paſſages whether buſineſs or the recreations of life, are wont to be loſt by moſt men for want of a value of them, and even by good men for want of ſkill to preſerve them: But as tho' grains of ſand and aſhes be a part, but of deſpicable ſmallneſs; and very eaſy

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and liable to be ſcattered and blown away, yet the ſkilful artificer, by a vehement fire, brings a number of theſe to afford him that noble ſubſtance glaſs; by whoſe help we may both ſee ourſelves and our blemiſhes lively repreſented, as in looking-glaſſes; and diſcern celeſtial objects, as with teleſcopes; and with the ſun beams kindle diſpoſed materials, as with burning glaſſes: So when theſe little fragments or parcels of Time, which if not carefully looked to, would be diſſipated and loſt, come to be managed by a ſkilful chriſtian, and to be improved by the celeſtial fire of devotion, they may be ſo ordered as to afford us looking-glaſſes to dreſs our ſouls by, and perſpectives to diſcover heavenly wonders and incentives to inflame our hearts with charity and zeal: And ſince goldſmiths and refiners are wont all the year long, carefully to ſave the very ſweepings of their ſhops, becauſe they may contain in them ſome filings or duſt of thoſe richer metals, gold and ſilver; I ſee not why a chriſtian may not be as careful not to loſe the fragments, and leſſer intervals of a thing incomparably more precious than any metal, TIME; eſpecially when the improvement of them may not only redeem ſo many portions of our life, but turn them to pious uſes, and particularly to the great advantage of devotion."

A certain author thus deſcribes the ſad conſequence of thoſe who bury or miſemploy their talents,

lents, in the declamations of a ſuppoſed ſpirit in torments; who upon being aſked the meaning of his fury and tranſport, thus replies:

"You do not ſee my tormentors; but the all-ſearching eye of the Almighty ſees my pains as well as my tranſgreſſions, and with a ſevere and implacable juſtice, has condemned me to ſuffer puniſhment anſwerable to my crimes. My executioners are in my ſoul, and all the plagues of hell in my conſcience. Memory ſerves me inſtead of a cruel devil. The Remembrance of the good I ſhould have done, and omitted; and of the ill I ſhould not have done, and did it: The remembrance of the wholeſome counſels I have rejected, and of the ill example I have given. And, for the aggravation of my miſery, where my Memory leaves afflicting me, my Underſtanding begins: Shewing me the glories and beatitudes I have loſt which others enjoy, who have gained heaven with leſs anxiety and pain than I have endured to compaſs my deſtruction.—Now am I perpetually meditating on the comforts, beauties, felicities, and raptures of paradiſe; only to inflame and exaſperate my deſpair in this ſad plac; begging in vain but for a moments interval of eaſe, without obtaining any; for my Will is alſo as inexorable, as either my Memory or my Underſtanding: And theſe are three faculties of my ſoul, which divine juſtice, for my ſins, has converted into

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three tormentors, that torture me without noiſe, into three flames, that burn me without conſuming. And if I chance at any time to have the leaſt remiſſion or reſpite, the worm of my conſcience, gnaws my ſoul, and finds it, to an inſatiable hunger, an immortal aliment and entertainment. Therefore learn and be aſſured from me, that all thoſe that either bury or miſemploy their talents, carry a hell within themſelves, even above ground."

How unthinking muſt thoſe unhappy perſons be, who make it a common excuſe for idle and pernicicious amuſements, that they do it to *kill Time.*

On all-important Time, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"I've loſt a day,"——the Prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an Emperor, without his crown,
Of Rome? Say, rather, Lord of human race;
He ſpake, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak, So reaſon Speaks in all,
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For reſcue from the bleſſings we poſſeſs?
Time, the ſupreme!——Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that make arch-angels ſmile,
Who murders Time, he cruſhes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

YOUNG.

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